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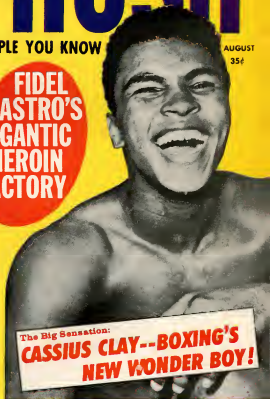
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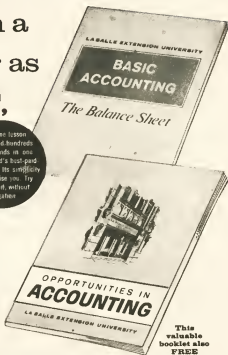
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Bare Facts About...

HOW RODDY McDOWALL GOT THOSE NUDE SHOTS OF LIZ!

An army of special cops, hired to make sure nobody took any snapshots on the side, surrounded the set when she dropped the towel for those nude scenes — which will appear only in foreign versions of "Cleopatra". But a co-star DID get some hot shots without her knowledge — shots that almost panicked both Liz and the producers of the \$40,000,000 epic...

By MORRIS COOKE

CHANCES ARE you don't hear much these days about reedy Roddy McDowall.

The one-time pint-sized kiddie-star isn't exactly making any headlines, but he's still around all right and he's graduated from Hollywood's, little red school house to post-graduate anatomy courses of the kind demonstrated by Liz Taylor filming "Cleopatra."

The lanky McDowall, besides having a leading part in that sexsational film, happens to also be an excellent photographer, a compulsive shutterbug who can't keep from snapping everything in sight.

And on the set of Cleopatra, just about everything of Liz Taylor was in sight.

No one's telling any tales out of

school when they say that luscious Liz makes a Las Vegas stripper look like Whistler's Mother in some of those sin-tillating nude scenes she did for this epic film.

The Temptress of the Tiber, of course, has always been an actress who was willing to bare her soul when the role demanded it.

(Continued on Page 38)





Don Bolander says: "Now you can learn to speak and write like a college graduate."

Is Your English Holding You Back?

Do you avoid the use of certain words even though you know perfectly well what they mean? Have you ever been embarrassed in front of friends or the people you work with, because you pronounced a word incorrectly? Are you sometimes unsure of yourself in a conversation with new acquaintances? Do you have difficulty writing a good letter or putting your true thoughts down on paper?

"If so, then you're a victim of *crippled English*," says Don Bolander, Director of Career Institute. "Crippled English is a handicap suffered by countless numbers of intelligent, adult men and women. Quite often they are held back in their jobs and their social lives because of their English. And yet, for one reason or another, it is impossible for these people to go back to school."

Is there any way, without going back to school, to overcome this handicap? Don Bolander says, "Yes!" With degrees from the University of Chicago and Northwestern University, Bolander is an authority on adult education. During the past eight years he has helped thousands of men and women stop making mistakes in English, increase their vocabularies, improve their writing, and become interesting conversationalists *right in their own homes*.

BOLANDER TELLS HOW IT CAN BE DONE

During a recent interview, Bolander said, "You don't have to go back to school in order to speak and write like a college graduate. You can gain the ability quickly and easily in the privacy of your own home through the Career Institute Method." In his answers to the following questions, Bolander tells how it can be done.

Question What is so important about a person's ability to speak and write?

Answer People judge you by the way you speak and write. Poor English weakens your self-confidence — handicaps you in your dealings with other people. Good English is absolutely necessary for getting ahead in business and social life.

You can't express your ideas fully or reveal your true personality without a sure command of good English.

Question What do you mean by a "command of English"?

Answer A command of English means you can express yourself clearly and easily without fear of embarrassment or making mistakes. It means you can write well, carry on a good conversation — also read rapidly and remember what you read. Good English can help you throw off self-doubts that may be holding you back.

Question But isn't it necessary for a person to go to school in order to gain a command of good English?

Answer No, not any more. You can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate right in your own home — in only a few minutes each day.

Question Is this something new?

Answer Career Institute of Chicago has been helping people for many years. The Career Institute Method quickly shows you how to stop making embarrassing mistakes, enlarge your vocabulary, develop your writing ability, discover the "secrets" of interesting conversation.

Question Does it really work?

Answer Yes, beyond question. In my files there are thousands of letters, case histories and testimonials from people who have used the Career Institute Method to achieve amazing success in their business and personal lives.

Question Who are some of these people?

Answer Almost anyone you can think of. The Career Institute Method is used by men and women of all ages. Some have attended college, others high school, and others only grade school. The method is used by business men and women, typists and secretaries, teachers, industrial workers, clerks, ministers and public speakers, housewives, sales people, accountants, foremen, writers, foreign-born citizens, government and military personnel, retired people, and many others.

Question How long does it take for a person to gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate, using the Career Institute Method?

Answer In some cases people take only a few weeks to gain a command of good English. Others take longer. It is up to you to set your own pace. In as little time as 15 minutes a day, you will see quick results.

Question How may a person find out more about the Career Institute Method?

Answer We will gladly mail a free 32-page booklet to anyone who is interested.

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If you would like a free copy of the 32-page booklet, **HOW TO GAIN A COMMAND OF GOOD ENGLISH**, just mail the coupon below. The booklet explains how the Career Institute Method works and how you can gain the ability to speak and write like a college graduate quickly and enjoyably at home. Send the coupon or a post card today. The booklet will be mailed to you promptly.

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PRIVATE WIRE OF THE JET SET



Shannon Wolf, 23-year-old model, points to ankle burn which she claimed was made by actor Gary Merrill with his cigar. She said she was chatting with friends in a night club when Merrill repeatedly jabbed at her ankles with lighted cigar, despite her screams, "like a savage, sadistic human being". Miss Wolf told court \$30,000 would be solve for wounds.

• The big, sensational story Hollywood insiders have been whispering about for the past few weeks is that Frank Sinatra and his ex-wife, Ava Gardner, have been seeing each other quite a lot recently. It looks like the good old times and it seems their bushed-up "new" romance is more abate than ever.

• Eddie Fisher and, of all people, Eddie Adams have been, at Walter Winchell says, "an item." Most of their courtship has been spent at the casino tables in Las Vegas. Seems heavy gambling has become Eddie's newest hobby and he is said to have lost quite a bundle in recent weeks.

• The Playboy Clubs are in trouble everywhere. First they did not get the license to operate at a private club in Manhattan, and now their Bunnies have been banned in Boston! Geraldine Doherty, 19, demonstrated before Boston officials the costume the Bunnies would be wearing at the proposed new Playboy Club. Like all the other Bunnies, Geraldine showed off before the Boston Licensing Board in an abbreviated silk leotard which began pretty low and ended pretty high, split up part of the sides and then laced. She wore black fishnet stockings and a white collar with a bow tie and white cuffs. On her head she had a tall pair of rabbit ears and on her derriere was a white cotton bunny tail about five inches in diameter. But the Boston authorities said "No!" and chairman Callahan added: "I suppose if we granted this license, this costume business would spread like wildfire." (Note to the chairman: It's doing so already!)

• Strange things are going on in this strange marriage between starlet Jill St. John and Lance Reventlow. Barbara Burton's son doesn't want a divorce from his redheaded wife, but he doesn't like being married either. He is still in love with her and doesn't know what to do.

• Big news for Walter Winchell fans: WW is finally coming back to TV! He's preparing a nationally syndicated weekly news show called "Pulse Of The Nation." It starts in May.

• Latest item about Lix Taylor and Dick Burton: they are looking for a house in Mexico, where they plan to vacation in the near future. It seems Lix wants to divorce Eddie in Mexico, and if Dick really wants to shed his own wife, he could be free in just a few days there, too. Let's wait and see what happens.

• Chet Baker, the fabulous American jazz trumpeter, continues to be in trouble because of his dope habit. After having been in an Italian jail, he got arrested in Britain and was recently sent to jail for a month, with a recommendation for deportation. A



Jill St. John in outfit for new film, "Who's Been Sleeping in My Bed?" She's expected to divorce Woolworth heir Lance Reventlow, who seems more interested in racing cars than in racy Jill.

London magistrate told him benevolently: "I wish it were possible to do more for you. I am afraid you are a drug addict. The best thing is to leave this country."

• The Hollywood premiere of "Cleopatra" will be quite a show. Darryl Zanuck "gave" this premiere to Debbie Reynolds as a benefit for her favorite charity, The Thalamus. Naturally, her hubby Harry Karl will be there. And no doubt Lix and Dick will be present, too. And if by any chance Eddie Fisher should show up, this could be the most amusing opening

nights in the annals of Hollywood...
• Speaking of "Cleopatra," probably the biggest bombshell that is bound to cause quite some eye-brow-lifting



Geraldine Doherty gives three views of costume waitresses would wear in Playboy Club planned for Boston. Proper Bostonians KOed outfit, however. They wanted to see more costume, less girl.

will be the book its producer, Walter Wanger, is writing about what REALLY went on behind the scenes during the filming of this epic. Insiders say Wanger will tell about the time Burton first started dating Lix (while she was still living with Eddie Fisher) and how one night Eddie chased him out of the house—with a gun!

• Ex-Queen Soraya has once again been left holding the bag. Her great lover, German playboy Gunther von Sachs, with whom she has been frolicking all over the Continent, decided to marry Swedish model Birgitta Loo!
• Just a short while ago, Jayne Mansfield made a sensational statement to the effect that from then on she was going to be completely "demure". Now we hear that, for the foreign version of "Promise Her Anything," Jayne has been doing some completely nude bathing scenes...
• In Toronto, a newly-born baby showed signs of "jerkiness and delirium tremens" a doctor reported in the Canadian Medical Association Journal. The mother, a 27-year-old Red Indian had been drinking steadily for two months and was in an alcoholic stupor when admitted to the maternity ward of the hospital in Yukon. The 4-pound baby had acquired so much

whisky from the mother that its breath smelled of alcohol!

• Hollywood's casting system has done it again! The recent, most classic example of downright silly casting was this: the lead role of a poor and underprivileged New York boy who became famous because of his brilliant mind (in the movie version of the play "Act One" by Moss Hart) has been given to... George Hamilton, one of the richest and most socially prominent actors—a blueblood who belongs to the Palm Beach and Jet sets!

• The Tony Curtis-Christine Kaufman marriage caught a great number of the movie fan magazines with "inside" stories predicting that these two would never, but never, marry! Some of the mags even "explained", at great length, why such a marriage was impossible.

• The latest thing in cinema is a Drive-In-Movie with hundreds of

(Continued on Page 43)



Marta Dane, exotic dancer in a San Francisco nightclub, has policeman named Rex to escort her home from work, thru dangerous streets, in the dark of the night. At right, Rex stands guard as Marta changes costume.

THE BIZARRE BRIDE-TO-BE OF DR. SAM SHEPPARD:

A REAL CRACKPOT FROM WAY BACK!



Ariane Tebbenjohanns became engaged to her U.S. in-the-penal Dr. Sam Sheppard.

By THOMAS STETSON

Newspapers fell hard for the tear-jerking story of the beautiful blonde German divorcee who wants to marry that "poor, misunderstood" wife-killer, Dr. Sam. But here is exclusively the unvarnished truth about this former sister-in-law of Hitler's pal, Joseph Goebbels, and how she's been dashing off chummy notes to VIP's all over the world, in jail or out . . . even sending strange letters to Fidel Castro, begging for a bongo drum!

LONG AFTER FATE had written "THE END" to the incredible drama of Dr. Sam Sheppard and assigned him to a monastic cell in an Ohio prison for clubbing his pregnant wife to death, this most headlined murder in history was back in the news.

It was on December 21, 1954, that the gavel fell for handsome Dr. Sam after a fiery and incredible trial that rivaled all fiction for sheer drama and suspense.

But only a few months ago, Dr. Sam was back in the headlines. A stunning Valkyrie — a 33-year-old German divorcee by the name of Ariane Tebbenjohanns — announced to the world she and Dr. Sam were engaged.

The statuesque Rhine maiden gaily posed for photographers and explained how she and the convicted wife-slayer had become betrothed



Ariane and Dr. Sam's lawyer wait for talk with governor. In inset (above) is Nazi Joseph Goebbels, a former relative of the brassy blonde.

after a supposed three-year correspondence courtship by air mail.

Handsome Sam was apparently an ardent and persuasive pen pal. Or so Ariane gushed.

Well, needless to say, the scandal-starved newspapers flipped themselves silly, making a big fuss over "Dr. Sam's Girl" and "Sam's Pen Pal Romance" as a headline-making prolog to the era's most publicized murder trial.

The whole tabloid treatment looked like a real tear-jerker, designed to wring the last drop of sympathy from the public for the convicted killer moldering away in his jail cell.

Ariane's orange blossom and heart-tugging arrival has obviously been timed with the latest appeal by Sheppard's attorneys for Sam's parole.

But the stunt backfired — completely. The not-so-easily swayed Corrections Board ruled Sheppard ineli-

gible for parole and Sam lost his most desperate bid for freedom.

His so-called "engagement" to the mysterious flaxen-haired divorcee got reams of publicity but — in the end — the languishing jail house Lothario found himself locked even tighter in the cold grey walls of that Ohio prison than before the interference of his mail-order bride.

At the time many people raised their eyebrows in puzzlement over this strange — almost bizarre — episode in the continuing saga of Sam Sheppard.

Now for the first time fresh facts are available that shed an unflinching light on this fantastic "engagement" and on the mysterious dame in question.

HUSH HUSH investigators, digging deeply into the intriguing, astounding past of this German gal, dis-

(Continued on Page 39)



Ret. Police Chief Story (left) says Dr Sam would be free now if he'd confessed murder. Crime expert Dr. Paul Kirk (right) testified for Sheppard.



Surrounded by Folies cast, Sherry Young is new super star of the Paris show.

It was no holds barred and practically everything bared in this furious battle between two fabulous Folies Bergere beauties. It was a screaming, snarling, hair-pulling, scratch-as-scratch-can, body-bruising, breathhtaking catfight until one knockout was finally floored for the count, and the winner was . . .

By STAN DUGGAN

BELIEVE IT OR NOT, hundreds of panting Parisians, watching some of the most fabulously beautiful, completely nude and luscious showgirls in the world the other night at the Folies Bergere, never really got to see one of the hottest shows ever staged in this famed showplace.

The world's mecca for long-legged, high-breasted sexpots puts on a sizzling show second to none.

But this particular evening, though the bevy of bare-breasted, silken-thighed gals were up to their breath-taking standards, they just couldn't hold a candle to the fantastic scene going on backstage.

And the ironical thing is that no one in the jam-packed audience knew about it, or saw the fireworks.

Their eyes fastened on the creamy-white flesh, drinking in the round, full, tempting curves, the audience only faintly heard some noise from backstage. But all of them, sophisticated, chic women and their sleeky groomed escorts, kept their attention riveted on the jouncing, jigglng breasts, the rhythmically undulating bellies, the taut, firm bare bottoms of the statuesque showgirls.

In the less ridiculous, the show went on.

And, backstage, so did the battle, a fierce fight between a oev, sensational dusky, American star and a scorching Italian sex-bomb who had been the Folies' headliner. It was a blood and guts battle between two truly sexy women—who hated each other.

The American dancer was Sherry Young, a sensational new Negro dancer from Baltimore, whose exotic looks and tawny, lithe figure has set Paris afire with raves, a gliding graceful performer with the agility

(Continued on Page 50)



AN AMERICAN NEGRO GIRL—

NEW QUEEN OF THE FOLIES BERGERE!



**From Audrey Hepburn
to that Jet Set Heiress...**

THE VERY VERY PRIVATE LIFE OF BILL HOLDEN...

His fans think he's "Mr. Nice", or, at least, a close relative of "Mr. Clean"—a stay-at-home type with his wife and kiddies. But . . . if they only knew what all Paris is whispering about, they'd see why, to those who know him best, he's not mild — he's WILD!

By SIDNEY REED

THIS WAS THE POSHEST PRIDE OF PARIS: the ultrachic *boutique* of the Christian Dior fashion house . . . a place where princes buy baubles for their heartthrobs, where counts and countesses are ordinary customers and dukes and duchesses get to sit in the second row.

But they all looked up with awe about 11 a.m. one day recently when in strolled the most successful \$tar in

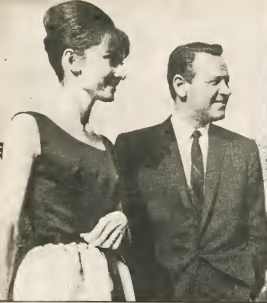
all of the movie world, that tall, ruggedly handsome multimillionaire named Bill Holden.

The sometimes regal and haughty *Parisienne* salesgirls gaped, the cool and slender models were shaken with excitement and the customers were fascinated.

They watched as the deeply tanned six-footer strolled about, letting his eyes wander over an array of fabulous

gifts that would bring a king's ransom into the Dior coffers and out of the pockets of only the very rich.

But suddenly the hot-blooded Holden had no eyes for the gold-laden galaxy of gifts — because his eyes were suddenly burning brightly at a very elegant and sophisticated beauty, who also happened to be shopping at the House of Dior that excitingly different day.



Bill Holden and Audrey Hepburn were seen together a lot while making a movie in Paris. And thus started those rumors that had Audrey's husband in a bit of a stew.



Bill Holden and his wife, Ardis, who was once a movie star under the name of Brenda Marshall. Holden has a few odd quirks, but Ardis is a very understanding wife.

So suave, so chic, so elegant (AND so damned good looking) . . . ah, it was romantic Paris and Holden wanted . . .

To make a long story short: it was there at Dior's boutique off Champs Elysees that Bill Holden met Madame Paule Fishbaker-Heaton, one of the wealthiest and most beautiful women of the sizzling international Jet Set.

Not only is she young and delectable, but this international bundle of intrigue is at home in palaces, casinos, hotels and saloons from one corner of the world to the other.

Mme. Fishbaker-Heaton had been married twice (once to that playboy rogue friend of Errol Flynn named Freddy MacAvoy, an international adventurer who died a hero's death when his yacht cracked up).

The stunning beauty's next husband was M. Fishbaker, a powerful Swiss industrialist and holder of one of the greatest fortunes on the Continent.

But there was no thought of mooning when her eyes met Holden's and they both saw stars, because Holden com-

pletely flipped then and there.

First there were smiles, then a bit of intimate chit-chat about the various treasures on display (with every woman in the shop envying the charming madame) and, finally, a discreet exchange of telephone numbers.

A few days later, when the clock

said midnight and the wolves began to prowl (in Paris as well as every other city), the telephone rang insistently in the sumptuous mansion Madame Paule maintains in the swank Paris suburb of Neuilly.

Guess who was calling. None other than Big Bill, ringing from the Hotel
(Continued on Page 57)

Grace Kelly and Holden having a chit-chat at a Hollywood dinner in 1955, a year before Grace became a Princess.



Love Without Honor!

IF THE YOUNG AGA KHAN MISTRESS— HE

MARRIES HIS BIKINI WILL DIE!

By GENE TAYLOR

THE ESQUINADE, smartest joy juice joint of chic St. Tropez on the chic French Riviera, was jammed with the chic-chic set.

It was midnight at this boîte that had been made famous when Brigitte Bardot once parked her well-rounded rump there.

They were out in full force: the young, the beautiful, the rich and assorted exotic hangers-on—tycoons and models, playboys and beatniks, starlets and harlots, financiers and phonies, even some rather prominent Blue Bloods.

Believe it or not, they were all dancing barefoot. But naturally, busier—it's the chic thing to do.

Aga Khan at wheel of motorboat on the Riviera, with the girl he cannot marry, Anoushko van Meeks, standing near him in bikini swim suit.

A small, swinging group of musicians was flying high, sending out a solid rhythmic rumba beat, a beat that brought out every twitch, every shimmy and every shake in the hips of the saxotic voluptuous women on the dance floor. A beat that caught the pulses of the dancers, sending them into wilder and wilder gyrations in this musical sex-play.

Jaded society types, tramps whose movements generally were confined to bedrooms, playboys and their play-far-pay girls—all jammed the dance floor, making a seething, undulating mass of bodies, a tribal orgy among the oh-so civilized.

Around and around they whirled, smiling meaningly at their partners, the women with tiny, darting tongues licking their lips, their eyes promising, tantalizing, their hips waving a sensual greeting.

And yet, there was one among these pleasure seekers who brought a fresh breath of air to the dance floor. She was incredibly beautiful and incredibly young.

Her eyes were the bluest of blues and her youth was like bubbles of champagne, heady and intoxicating.

The beautiful, teenage girl has been dating young Aga Khan since 1959. He loves his lovely Anoushko, but she's too pole-skinned for Aga's fanatic followers.

They can love, but never marry, for a wedding band on the white girl's finger would ring the death knell for the Moslem ruler! He's been given the word . . . his teenage mistress is just too blonde, too white . . . and Moslem zealots simply won't accept her as the bride of their spiritual leader — their god on earth . . .



This is the former Prince Karim back in 1957 when, after the late Aga Khan's death, he was made the new Aga Khan. Here he's sitting among followers of the Ismaili Sect of Moslems in Bombay, who are pleading allegiance to the new ruler.



Attired in gown, Karim Aga Khan IV was awarded a B.A. degree at Harvard commencement exercises in 1959.

She was 16 and around and around she went, tireless, effortless, weightless, near delirious with joy as she danced.

For it was one of the few dates this love-child's parents had allowed, permitting her to go into town without a chaperone.

As she and her young partner danced, a pair of dark eyes followed them intently, fascinated, hypnotized by the girl's beauty and innocence.

Finally the man who was staring could stand it no longer. His palms moist with anticipation, he cut across the dance floor, tapped the young girl's partner on the shoulder and whirled her away in his arms.

The girl looked up startled, and gazed into intense brown eyes set in a slightly Oriental, handsome face.

His manners were impeccable, typically British. His dancing flawless, matching her own brilliant steps, and they melted together as if they were one.

The girl was Anouchka van Meks, but her partner?????

"Did you recognize me?" he asked easily. "May I present myself . . . I am Karim Aga Khan . . ."

If this debonair, handsome fellow thought he would bawl over his blonde, lithe partner, he was in for a surprise.

Her girlish giggle tinkled over the dance floor, her eyes crinkled in

laughter and her white teeth, framed by her ruby lips flashed in a broad smile.

"Oh, yes," she chuckled, "and I am Princess Margaret!"

ALL-POWERFUL

"No, no, please, you must believe me," her partner insisted. "I AM Karim Aga Khan!"

And, he was.

As startling and surprising as their meeting was, it pales beside what it became—one of the most sensational, talked about romances that has rocked Continental Society in decades.

For the Khan is the son of the late Aly Khan and now rules—completely, totally, over 20,000,000 Moslems. He is their god, their all-powerful ruler. His wish is their command; his thought



Karim (left) with mother, Princess Joan Aly-Khan, and father, late Prince Aly Khan, during rally of followers on day before he was made the new Aga Khan.



Latin American heiress, Sylvia Cosabloncos, former girl friend of Korim, wanted to become his wife — but she wasn't at all keen about the Khan-sequences.



Quite a sportsman, Korim Aga Khan is seen here in 1962, just before taking part in qualifying run for ski contest in Alps.

their word; his desire, their desire.

And his mad love affair, which started at that dance back in 1959, has grown more passionate every month. For Anouchka, the Paris-born daughter of White Russian parents, has completely captivated the Khan, made him a prisoner of her love.

For four years now, they have lived the "good life" together. Skiing, swimming, sunning, loving.

Very much a "twosome" and very

much in love with each other.

Behind one of the Khan's fleet of motorboats they have skied in the

blue Mediterranean, her young body answering the test and challenge of the tow rope, on elfin-like creature captivating and luring as she speeds across the water.

Together they roar around the curves of the mountain roads along the Riviera, the Khan skillfully guiding one of his engine-throbbing sports cars through hair-pin turns as the girl squeals in delight and fright.

It takes two to tango and two to love and anyone seeing these two, in person, or even in the front page pictures of newspapers throughout the world, knew they were in love.

There was no doubt that the Khan, whose Harvard classmates used to simply call him K, was ready to marry this blonde goddess of his.

Inseparable, they spent months together in Korim's beautiful Chateau L'Horizon, a showplace on the Riviera.

Together, they visited Korim's English mother, Princess Joan, the wa-



In 1961, the Aga Khan, spiritual leader of 20 million people, had a talk with President Kennedy in his private White House office. They got along very well.

(Continued on Page 34)

R_x DEATH!

Sleeping Pills-

THE KILLER AT YOUR BEDSIDE!

In the dizzy whirl of life today, millions turn to brightly colored little pills to carry them to slumberland. But these little pellets can be as dangerous as bullets—causing nervous breakdowns, damage to vital organs . . . even death!



The limp body of Hollywood star Susan Hayward being carried from car to receiving hospital after she was found unconscious on the floor of her house. Police said two empty sleeping tablet bottles were found near where she fell. Luckily, she recovered.



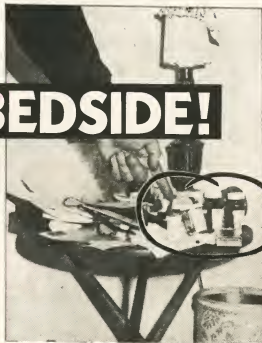
Beautiful Carole Landis lies sprawled on bathroom floor, just as she was found by Rex Harrison and the actress' maid on one of Hollywood's most tragic days, more than 10 years ago. Detectives said it was "definitely suicide", and above are three bottles found near her which had contained the death-dealing drugs.

By WILLIAM F. WHITEHEAD

MARILYN MONROE DID IT! And so do millions of other gals and guys every night of the year.

They all crawl between the sheets—but not alone. They have their trusty bottle of sleeping pills with them.

Manufacturers estimate that more than 17 million Americans regularly rely on those innocent-looking little pills to guarantee a restful night's sleep. But for tens of thousands of them, the pills will mean mental disturbance, blackouts, damage to vital organs and—in the final stage—death. Take a young would-be starlet named Sally, who hit Hollywood not too long ago and quickly changed her manicker to something more glomorous.



Police officer points to medicine bottles found at bedside of Marilyn Monroe, whose death resulted from an overdose of sleeping pills.



Sally had led a comparatively sheltered life in the Midwest. But you'd never have known it if you met her in Hollywood. Once she got to the movie capital, Sally climbed on the party merry-go-round.

"I want two things in California," she said. "A movie career and some fun. And if I can't have a career, at least I can have the fun."

Sally, naturally, found plenty of Los Angeles males who were only too glad to show her a good time. Life became a never-ending round of wild parties in the afternoon and wilder ones at night.

(Continued on Page 61)

Dr. Ibel of the Narcotics Hospital in Lexington says barbiturates are habit-forming in any sense of the word.



In This Corner...

**Cassius
Clay**

BOXING'S

NEW WONDER BOY!

He's already changed the face of boxing, and he's set to change the face of Sonny Liston — or whoever else he has to polish off to win the Championship Belt that seems tailored just perfectly for a man named Clay with fists like iron . . .



Archie Moore, hits canvas for first of three falls in fight with young Clay. When Moore went down for third time, the referee awarded Clay the fight without even counting.

Clay had predicted he'd win this fight with Alexander Lavarante of Argentina in the 5th round. Here he dumps Lavarante in 5th as predicted! Clay's 12th KO and 15th straight win.



IT HAPPENED LAST FEBRUARY

in Miami Beach. Sonny Liston, the hulking heavyweight champion of the world, was bored at his headquarters in the elegant Casablanca Hotel. Sonny was in Florida preparing for his return bout with Floyd Patterson, later postponed, and he was as tense as a wound-up watch spring.

One of his flunkies suggested they go down to the 5th Street gymnasium to have some fun. And everyone knew right away what he meant.

Down at the gym on Collins Avenue a new fighter was in training, one who had been getting on the champ's nerves lately. And Sonny wanted to take a good look at the guy.

So the king and his entourage drove down to the little gym . . . and what they saw there was a graceful, cat-like, 21-year-old boxer who fists flicked out with incredible speed and whose footwork was startling.

Sonny had come for laughs, but what the Neanderthal-like champ really got was a hard time.

For the new fighter was Cassius Clay. Cassius is talkative, boastful, charming—and generally considered the hottest new heavyweight attraction around.

He was there to do his "homework," polish up his jab, strengthen his right cross.

And Liston was there to watch, for he knew everyone believed that Cassius, cocky and confident, would be the next challenger for the heavyweight crown.

When, 18 months ago, Clay had boasted that he'd be the next champ, he was laughed at. Most people considered him just a clown.

But now the fight mob, the smart Broadway Bookies, were starting to agree with him, and Liston was getting more and more annoyed by the whole thing.

After all, it had taken Sonny years to get a title shot, and all of a sudden this brash, braggart kid was saying he was going to take the whole piece of cake for himself, at jet speed.

Clay was beating a fast, rapid-fire tattoo on a bag when he suddenly

spotted the hulking Liston, his coal black eyes carefully gauging the other man's punches.

Clay stopped punching. He turned and screamed at his handlers: "Get him out of 'ere. That bum is spying on me."

Now "that bum," Liston, has opened up guys' skulls for a lot less. But this time he stood there like a big, black grizzly bear, smiling.

"What," he demanded of the lippy, oervy Clay, "have I got to spy on you for? You should be arrested for impersonating a fighter."

Clay came up for the verbal bait like a trout for a fly.

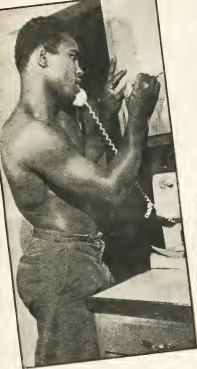
"Man, I don't get it," he yelled. "I'm fast, the fastest thing on two feet, man you're crazy?"

If Sonny Liston's crazy, it's like a fox and so, like a friendly St. Bernard dog, he kidded Clay, asking: "You want to fight me? I'll give \$100 a round to spar."

If Liston thought that verbal jab was going to keep Clay from firing back, he was wrong.

"Come on if you want to go man, you're jivin'. I want to go. I'm tired of talking."

But Liston had got what he wanted.



Some laughs, a little relaxation. He left, a smart man who remembered that he who walks away, comes to fight another day. And for a lot more money.

Like maybe \$1,000,000 at Yankee Stadium.

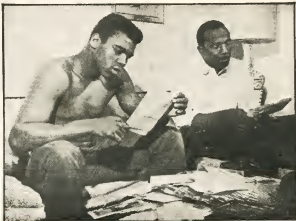
As Liston lumbered from the gym, Clay was left open-mouthed, but not speechless.

He fired a doubled-fisted volley of boasts and prophecies, declaring:

"I have predicted that I will knock Liston out in seven rounds," said Clay, a prophet with some honor in his hometown of Louisville. For the tan tornado has had 17 fights, won all of them, and predicted the round he'd flatten his poor victim in 12 of the bouts.

Returning to his lip-tiff with Liston, he continued by saying "if he keeps poppin' off, I'm gonna cut it to six. If he hooks me in any round, I will kiss his feet, tell the world he's the greatest, then catch the first jet out of the country."

The fact is, money talks and Cassius



Back home in Louisville, Kentucky, the conquering hero, Cassius Clay, talks over phone to local admirer. Later (above) he goes over fan mail with his father, who's naturally proud of his heavyweight son. It's been many years since any fighter has captured the public's imagination the way this hard-hitting, poetry writing boxer has done.

outside of Louisville had ever heard of Clay. Now his name, and his deeds, are fast becoming legend.

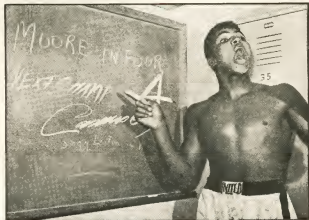
But who, really who, is he?

Who is the boy with the fancy dukes, and the even fancier name?

Who is this fighter with the loudest mouth in the history of boxing? And will he be able to button his lip long enough to catch his breath to throw

Clay is ready to put everything on the line, against anyone, in a fight for the heavyweight title.

Less than two years ago, no one



Cassius points to sign in dressing room on which he'd said he'd knock out Moore in 4th. Sign also predicts Clay will win Championship by KOing Liston in 8th.



Back in 1960, Clay didn't mind posing in Rome's Via Veneto as an Italian girl fingered the medal showing that the brash young bottler had just won the highly coveted Olympics light heavyweight boxing title.

punches in a heavyweight title bout?

One thing's for sure, as much as he talks big, so far he's been able to back up his boasts. But that's just one part of the amazing young fighter who is bringing a breath of refreshing air to the foul, hoodlum-dominated fight game.

The irony that's marked the rise of almost every heavyweight champ has been this: Great as they were in a

ring, that's how pitiful they've been outside it.

Gangsters, fast women, lavish parties took their toll of most. And when they finally added up the score, it was invariably the same: the champ was down, the champ was out, the champ was broke.

But, if and when cocky Cassius takes the crown, it'll be different. Guaranteed.

Instead of tough mugs packing guns, he'll be surrounded by 11 well-groomed, perfectly mannered, 100 per cent businessmen, seven of them millionaires.

All of them Louisville executives, except for one New Yorker, they came into Clay's life, and he into theirs, soon after he returned from Rome where he won the 1960 Olympic heavyweight championship.

From the beginning, Clay has gone first class.

The syndicate of tycoons signed him for \$10,000, guaranteed him \$4,000 a year for two years, saw to it that it was strictly steaks, and no hash, during training, and gives him 50 per cent of his purse.

Is this altruism? Are these men out to hold the youth of America by sponsoring some shiny example? If you

think that, you've got some loose marbles.

Cassius, however, knows the score, and he doesn't pull any punches telling it. He figures that all his backers want "is to get their change back and a chance to impress their friends by saying, 'that's my boy, after the fight. I'll take you back to the dressing room to meet the new champ.'"

If that's what they want, it's OK with him.

What Clay wants is the title, and he doesn't care who he has to crack on the jaw, punch in the belly, or slam in the chest to get it.

It's, as far as he's concerned, a noble ambition and one which he's had since he was 12 years old.

Clay, who unlike Liston has a record as clean as a choir boy's, got into fighting because of a policeman.

Liston, conversely, got into boxing because of a priest, the chaplain of a Missouri penitentiary that he'd been sent to.

But Clay's run-in with police was the good kind. He went to the cop for help after his bike was stolen.

Cassius never got the hike, instead the cop got him interested in boxing.

(Continued on Page 45)



At Albany, N.Y., Clay appealed to low-mokers not to bon boxing in the stote.



Why

LIZ TAYLOR IS GOING TO SLAP

SHELLEY WINTERS!

By JAY COLLINS

WATCH THE SPARKS fly. A big fight is in the making. Perhaps more than merely a hairpulling match, it's likely to explode in a real brawl.

For glowering hotly in opposite corners are the two-well muscled, no-holds-barred contenders—none other than brash and barb-tongued Shelley Winters and the volatile, violet-eyed Elizabeth Taylor.

The big feud began to simmer during one of the temperamental Shelley's typical non-stop tongue-wagging sessions. For years now the bosomy blabbermouth has been trying to shed her blonde bombshell tag.

She yearned to be accepted as an actress rather than a pouting sex symbol—and now, at 39, she has finally burst out of the glomorpuss image. Thanks to a long stretch on the analyst's couch—or so she says.



Before headshrinkers went to work on the Brooklyn sexbomb, every time she opened her mouth she put her foot in it. Now—a decade of psychoanalysis later—it's double or nothing. She put BOTH feet in it! Lately Shelley has been aiming her barbs at her old pal, Liz Taylor, and—if it's not just a case of the pot calling the kettle black, it's at least a case of somebody becoming black and blue all over if ever the two should meet!

Before head shrinking, the moody and excitable champagne-mapped babe used to wind up chewing on her own foot every time she opened her mouth.

Now—a decade of psyche probing later—she still has a mouth stuffed with that very same foot.

Sure, stretching out on the couch to bend Dr. Freud's ear has made Shelley less moody, less excitable, less bombastic, less emotional, less sarcastic, and less razor-tongued.

But the tornado is still a tornado—even if you have tornado insurance.

With those sex-pot curves padded plumply here and there—a matured if not too mellow package—the lusty Miss Winters figures her bout with analysis gives her the right to dissect all her old chums as if she were Dr. Freud himself.

Just the other day, Shelley was blabbing away at her usual Donald Duck pace when she chose to unsheath her claws and take a Freudian-

loaded poke at none other than her longtime pal, Liz Taylor.

Liz, said Shelley to a rather startled interviewer, is an "undisciplined child." And she followed that catty quote with a few other choice comments about the world's most highly-paid and in-demand actress.

Apparently delighted with her own armchair analysis of that most gorgeous and talented hunk of humanity known as La Taylor, Shelley was babbling away on the very same subject just a few days later to still another interviewer—this one a British columnist.

Here's what Shelley has been shrieking to anyone who will stand still long enough to listen:

"Elizabeth is an undisciplined child . . . Elizabeth is an example of the most victimized person in our society—the former child star.

"She went straight from loving horses to loving men. It's tougher than anyone knows to start young in Hollywood and try to grow. What chance, after all, did a girl like Elizabeth Taylor ever have?

"When we were making 'A Place in the Sun,' I think she got engaged three times during the making of the picture. She never was allowed to



Sexy Shelly Winters, as one of the suburban sexpots in "The Chapman Report," tells an interviewer about her secret affair with married man.



Tempestuous Shelley Winters has had three stormy trips on the sea of matrimony. The first one was with Mack Mayer, the second with temperamental Italian star Vittoria Gassman (left). Next was to equally volatile Anthony Franciosa. All marriages ended up on the rocks.

grow up or to have any childhood.

"She's a fantastic mother to her children, but when she plays with them, you can't tell who's the mother and who's the child. While I was making 'Lolita' in London, I used to have dinner with her and Eddie Fisher. Once I was writing a letter and I asked: 'What's today's date?'"

"She looked at her newspaper and said: 'I can't tell you. This is yesterday's newspaper!'"

FLYING CHEESECAKE

"She has no sense of money. The income tax is for everyone else, not her. When she's in Rome and has a yen for cheesecake, she calls TWA and asks them to fly her a cheesecake from Lindy's restaurant in New York."

"She doesn't know how to go to the grocery store and, if someone

didn't bring food to her room, she'd starve to death. All her life people have done things for her and have told her what to do."

"I went to a party with her on a cold night in London and she nearly froze to death in a ridiculous strapless gown. I said, 'Elizabeth, why didn't you wear a fur?' She said, 'Because nobody told me to.'"

"So, with a child like this, it's not surprising that a guy says, 'I love you,' and she says, 'Goodbye, Eddie. He loves me.'"

"She's always been treated like a queen—why should anyone expect her to behave normally?"

There you have it—straight from the nan-stop tongue of Dr. Shelley Freud. Momo Winters administering a verbal spanking to the pompered Liz. Well, it's just too much. This time

the temperamental straight-talking actress has GONE TOO FAR. This kind of catty, corping criticism about a colleague—and a supposed "friend"—is in the worst possible taste.

Such a petronizing public paddling is a vulgar low performance by someone who loudly baasts about being on "intellectual."

No one would dream of setting the torrid and tempestuous Liz on a pedestal or applaud her for virtue. A guy would have to be deaf and blind not to be aware of the miserable mess Liz is mired in.

But then Shelley Winters is scarcely a walking, breathing saint.

The former garment center model, born Shirley Schrift in Brooklyn, has a closet loaded with skeletons, too. SO JUST WHO THE HELL DOES SHE THINK SHE IS TO BE DRAGGING LIZ TO THE WOODSHED FOR A LICKING?

Apparently the mixed-up blonde figures her own analysis gives her the license to tear into anyone she pleases. She's so incredibly hipped on the Freud-bit, she credits her head shrinker with performing positive miracles.

"First of all," Shelley bobbles, psychoanalysis has taught me that I kept marring men I couldn't live with. My first husband, a salesman named Mac Moyer, went into the Army right after we were married, and I barely knew him.

"My second husband, Vittorio Gassman, was an Italian who wanted to live in Italy, which I couldn't do, and my third husband, Anthony (Continued on Page 52)



Shelley like to mingle with politicians, mainly Democrats. Left: at dinner for Adlai Stevenson. Right: chatting with Senator Humphrey.

EXPOSED



FIDEL CASTRO'S HEROIN FACTORY!

By PETE CURTIS

FANTASTIC AS IT may sound, frightening as the implications may be, the truth is that Fidel Castro, the frantic Kremlin Kreeper who turned Cuba into an armed camp bristling with Red troops and guns, has embarked on a gigantic program with which he intends to undermine and weaken the entire Western Alliance.

Not with guns. Not with bombs. Not with missiles. Not with revolutions.

BUT WITH HEROIN!

That's right, the Bearded Beast plans to flood Red Russia's enemies with this sinister narcotic. Masterminding a plot to drown the free world in a slimy sea of heroin.

And the astonishing fact is that the U.S. is actually helping to finance fiendish Fidel's plans!

Your hard-earned money, part of which you turned over to Uncle Sam for taxes, will actually be used to pay some of the costs of this diabolical Bolshevik scheme.

More than a thousand Red Chinese experts sent all the way from the Orient, are turning Cuba into a huge poppy plantation — from which heroin can be made that is capable of undermining the Western World! Even more incredible is the fact that the United States (through the UN) is helping to finance this plot that is aimed straight at its own heart!

While the United Nations was recently announcing that it'll give the Red rats \$1,100,000 for a Cuban agricultural experimental station, it was learned at the same time that, with the help of some 1,200 "technicians" from Red China, Cuba is being turned into one big poppy plantation.

And just who do you think will be picking up 40 percent of the tab of

that little UN item? Why, good old Uncle Sam!

Strangely, the American press has failed to report the flood of 1,200 technicians, a hand-picked crew of Chinese experts, to oversee the growing of poppy plants, the flower which produces the deadly heroin.

Thousands and thousands of acres
(Continued on Page 50)

PRE-MARITAL ROCK COLLEGE

These strait-laced guardians of female chastity — the many old maids who bear the title "Dean of Women" — are reeling over the sex-plosions that have rocked their hallowed halls of learning. Even educators themselves admit the most popular subject today is BIOLOGY, with many, many hours of sextra-curricular activity and field work — otherwise known as Ivy League Hanky Panky — a MUST for the course!



Girls' undergarments, gathered in series of raids on dormitories, proudly displayed by University of Southern California students, who actually feel they've proven something.

SEX BINGES CAMPUSES!

By EARL E. GREGORY

IT HAPPENED SO QUIETLY—slowly, subtly, insidiously,—that the change almost went unnoticed.

ALMOST went unnoticed . . . Till one day educators were FORCED to open their eyes and gaze in horror at the most shocking and sensational sex revolution ever to hit the nation's ivy-dropped campuses.

Love among the student bodies was blooming. And the uninhibited heterosexual hanky panky wasn't just a here-and-there, now-and-then phenomenon. It was EVERYWHERE. From coast to coast the kids were majoring in SEX. Guys and gals were busy scoring straight "A's" on their "report cards"—in all their favorite subjects: Biology, Anatomy, Baudair Psychology and Comparative Gymnastics.

Sure enough, the public must have suspected some sort of sextra-curricular upheaval was in the works.

After all, each spring the newspapers are loaded with the loud down on that seasonal silliness—the student panty raid.

And chances are you've read all about the omatary antics of the college kids on their seaside argies ("Where the Boys ARE") at Ft. Lauderdale, Aspen (Colorado) and other shock-up spots.

But take it from the experts! Those falsez, flouting, panty-grobbing riots and the mattress-mad migrations to Ft. Lauderdale are kindergarten culps compared to WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON around the Halls of Ivy!

The student bacchanals that hit the headlines are tame compared with the REAL TRUTH of the incredible campus SEX PICTURE.

And now the TRUTH is OUT.

Southern Methodist student gets bucket of water in face as the kids stage season's first panty raid on girls in Zeta Tau Alpha Sorority House. Some fun.

Those prim-and-proper guardians of coed chastity—the Deans of Women from coast to coast—are really in a snit.

For years these strait-laced biddies have been sweeping the Facts of Life under the carpet.

But now the educators themselves

have finally admitted that SEX—sheer, raw, unadulterated SEX in all its fancy variations—is riding high on the campus.

Students everywhere are majoring in PREMARITAL SEX PLAY and no one seems to be making the slightest fuss about it.





The Pi Beta Phi Sorority House at the University of Nebraska is scaled by male students who — you guessed it! — are collecting more female lingerie.

What's going on—from Cornell's rolling green to the dunes surrounding Stanford—would be quite a shock even to good old unshockable Dr. Kinsey, the scholarly keyhole peeping

pioneer of sexual statistic-collecting.

Back when Kinsey first rattled the pruders and puritans by daring to probe into forbidden corridors of American behavior, it seems that college kids were somewhat backward.

At least, that's what Kinsey's revolutionary encyclopedia of erotica indicated.

Virginity had not yet gone out of fashion.

In fact, such a high value was set on female virginity, the starchy-eyed college male showed a definite resistance to a pre-marital roll in the hay.

Joe College, as Kinsey saw him, was a real washout in the Sack Dept. While his less educated chums back home were scoring with the broads right and left, Joe was apt to be found cooling off in an icy shower.

The collegiate eggheads just couldn't figure out which end was up.

P - R - E - M - A - R - I - T - A - L
I - N - T - E - R - C - O - U - R - S - E
Joe College could spell it. But he just didn't know what to do about it.

At 15, NEARLY HALF his less brainy pals knew the score! But only

10 percent of the potential college boys had figured out what little girls are for.

Between 16 and 20, when high school Don Juans are rounding the heels of every available filly, only 42 percent of the college-level moles had scored compared to 85 percent of the boys who never got beyond grade school and 75 percent of the high school grads.

Shy, timid, scared or just too busy hitting the books? Kinsey didn't specify.

Kinsey's findings must have dented a few college egos and deflated a few campus-bound libidos, to say the least. For not only were the campus lads a bit backward in the boudoir, they continued to be a bit shy even after initiation into local SEX rites.

BACKWARD BOYS

Most college men never got around to scoring THAT WAY with more than the one girl they eventually led down the aisle.

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Dean Mary Hunting (left) of Radcliffe College says premarital problems are shoved under the rug instead of being faced by educators in general. Kate Havner-Mueller (center) says youth is ignorant and restless — and that's a good start for trouble. Dr. Lester Kirkendall of Oregon State University declares adults should be spanked by educators for being their usual evasive and dishonest selves when sex issues arise that should be clearly explained to youngsters.

The Old, The Lonely, The Sick...

HOW GULLIBLE AMERICANS ARE BAMBOOZLED OUT OF 2 BILLION BUCKS A YEAR!

By HAROLD HAYES

THERE WAS SOMETHING about this 51-year-old widow. Without her uttering a word, you could sense her loneliness.

Louise A. Hammond was just another Philadelphia matron, lost in the city's uncaring crowds.

Chances are you would never have noticed her. But Louise Hammond was a marked woman. She was marked for disaster as surely as if someone had slapped a sign on her back with the neatly lettered label: SUCKER.

Through the will of her mother and the legacy of her departed husband, Louise Hammond had inherited \$15,000. A modest sum, to be sure. A small legacy and a giant loneliness.

The combination can be devastating. Mrs. Hammond was a walking victim... potential prey... and it was probably only a matter of time until someone—con artist, or super-slick salesman—closed in for the take!

In fact, as a stern and angry Philadelphia judge declared in an open court room, this bereaved and guileless creature was the victim of "a

textbook example of FRAUD."

It cost Mrs. Hammond \$8,173 to learn that youth, affection and contentment cannot be bought.

In what starry-eyed innocence the whole sordid episode began! Four years a widow—crushed by grief and loneliness—the Hammond woman walked into the Dale Dance Studios at 228 S. Broad St. in Philadelphia.

It may have been one of those boked-up phony-baloney "contests" that first brought her there, or possibly one of those corny ads that promise anyone with two left feet that she can be the belle of the ball after an hour

They call them the Solid Gold Suckers. Like lambs led to slaughter, they walk into the grasping clutches of unscrupulous parasites to whom no one is too pitiful, too desperate, too forlorn for a fleecing!

at XYZ dance parlor.

To a lonely, depressed and aimless middle-aged woman, the dance studio must have held out a promise of warmth, excitement, a new purpose to existence.

It's amazing the techniques these hard-sell outfits have concocted to hook the vulnerable. The slender, handsome young dance instructor whirling her skillfully into a graceful waltz, winking at her teasingly, pressing her hand meaningfully, announcing, "My, you have such amazing Natural Ability!"

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Marilyn Monroe



Kim Novak



Rita Hayworth



Lena Turner

Bad News For The Boys!

KISS THE HOLLYWOOD

An era ended in Tinseltown the night the greatest Sex Goddess of them all — Marilyn Monroe — committed suicide. And HUSH-HUSH tells you why not one of those sexy young chicks who roll their eyes (and other assets), can NEVER hope to be a Love Goddess like MM, BB, or even Liz Taylor. Read it, girls — and weep!

By BASIL GARDINER

THE SCENE is not one of those phony Glitterville sound stages, but the very real and famous Schwab's drugstore on Sunset Boulevard in the heart of Hollywood.

Everybody who ever got red-eye leaving through a movie ragmag knows by now that Schwab's is much more than a pill peddler's stand: it is the favorite hangout of all the young

female hopefuls who are trying for that Big Break.

And the place is jammed!

Gorgeous chicks in flashy sweaters swarm into the store every day to sit at the counter in the tightest possible capri pants (many looking like they'll burst) and maybe even tighter sweat-

ers (which are certainly bust, if not burst).

They try to look casual, diving into dishes of chocolate ice cream, but each one is made up to the hilt, has every strand of (peroxide) hair in place and nurses one burning dream in her husky bosom.

And that dream is always of Starsville.

Just a couple of weeks ago, two guys in the know (and on the go) were sitting in the corner, watching the parade of plenty and ogling all they could.

"Poor girls," said one, who happens to be a prominent producer and thus an eminent peddler of celluloid sex. "No chance for them. They should give it up right now, look for decent jobs or rush straight back to the hick towns they left to seek fame and success."

His huddy was startled. He still believed that old hokum about how Lana Turner was spotted sitting at Schwab's counter and went on to become a famous star.

"What the hell are you talking about?" he asked.

"Just this," the movie-wise mogul explained. "It's all over, ended, finished—alho these dames, with

their big dreams, big bosoms and bold behinds don't know it."

And then he went on with words of wisdom about Hollywood, the Terrible Truth About Tinseltown that nobody but a few brainy insiders will recognize.

"The death of Marilyn Monroe dropped a curtain on an era of selling sex for the screen," he said. "Let's not kid ourselves. There's always been a sex goddess in Hollywood . . . Jean Harlow, Rita Hayworth, Marilyn, Liz and others.

"BUT NEVER AGAIN WILL HOLLYWOOD BUILD UP A SEX-QUEEN LIKE MONROE!"

Some observers might disagree, but the general consensus among HUSH-HUSH Hollywood reporters is that the sexhomb star system is out—or on its way there faster than a jet.

The lonely ones who disagree contend that when Nurtown on the Vine fails to come up with another bosomy beauty to thrill the nation, then they might as well throw the whole film biz to the hungry pelicans between L.A. and San Diego.

Why? Because, these inside outsiders argue, S-E-X is the one and only thing that can come out of Hollywood to compete with TV, which the average joker can sit watching comfortably (hurping beer hubbles) without getting out of the chair, driving eight miles and shelling out the shillings for a ticket.

But the talk about the end of the Sex Goddess is for real—and the insiders know damn well why there cannot and will not be another MM or Liz to rise from nothing to stardom on the wings of almost pure bedroom appeal . . . They don't make 'em like that anymore.

SEX GODDESSES GOODBYE!

The top Sex Goddess of silent films, Jean Harlow, as she looked in sizzling movie called "Reckless".



Jane Russell, a terrific bust of the late 1940s, displays terrific form for her appearance in film "Son of Paleface"



That producer at Schwab's, just to make the point clear, explained why:

"Look at all these dames and you'll know why there is no hope for them. Look at them and you see they all have the same face, the same eye make-up, the same silly slick hairdo, and the same pants . . . sausage tight to stress their beautiful butts.

"These dames are supposed to represent and radiate sex. But they don't even know what it is. And proof of that is in the fact that NOT ONE MAN IN THIS JOINT IS GIVING THEM A LOOK OR TRYING TO PICK ONE UP FOR A DATE."

SAUSAGE FACTORY

It is a fact that the bosomy babes who dream of stardom in the movies lack just about everything that's needed to make it all come true. The role of the sex goddess today just can't be filled.

And few people know the main reason behind this fact.

The reason is this: Hollywood has been grinding out sexy stars for years,

as if the town was one big sausage factory.

But remember that all of this girly grinding was done by the BIG studios, the ones that could afford to pick up some delightful doxie, teach her not to eat peas with a knife, then turn her out before the public as the latest Queen of the May.

Today, the big studios just do not exist—goodby, adios, finis, they're plain gone. And the ones that remain, operating on a baby's shoe string to

make a profit, would never ever consider spending the millions it takes to put polish on such a doll, give her the publicity to put her over and establish an image of super-sex without even knowing whether she will hit or miss.

Just for an exact example, take the career case of the blonde Swede, May Britt, now the wife of top entertainer Sammy Davis Jr.

Most people have already managed to wipe the miserable memory from

their minds of the time, a few years back, when this delectable Scandinavian scamp received a multi-million dollar hoopla buildup for a movie career.

It was the chance of a lifetime and the first smash role was supposed to be Lola, the sexy vamp in that film classic first made famous a couple of centuries ago by Marlene Dietrich, "The Blue Angel."

Posters were plastered coast to coast, showing the unquestionably beautiful, blonde Britt wearing a skimpy costume and exposing her long legs, while newspapers and magazines were buried with her photos and interviews and while May also appeared on TV and radio programs at the snap of a garter.

In short, she was given a torrid and tremendous buildup all through the country—AND SHE FLOPPED SO BAD SOME PEOPLE WANTED TO BURN THE PRINTS OF THE MOVIE!

It was nicknamed "The Blue Limburger" shortly after it appeared . . . and all the money was wasted.

When you consider all the angles (and they shoot them all in H'wood), it must be obvious that it costs a huge fortune to make a star.

And who will be ready to blow a bundle trying to make Miss Whosis from Apple Creek, Ohio, into the next Sex Goddess?



Redhaired Tina Louise was on of the sexiest starlets in recent years — yet she never did make it into the select Sex Goddess circle.



May Britt, now Mrs. Sammy Davis Jr., got big Buildup for role in "Blue Angel" (with Kurt Jurgens) — but she flopped badly.

Nobody.

The big studios that once could afford to do this, no longer have anyone under contract. They hire their stars as each picture comes along (pictures in which the stars are now all demanding huge percentages of actual ownership, giving the studio the short end).

Those who disagree say that beautiful bombshells will never stop trying to take that stardust trail to the movies, but they fail to mention that these cuties only bring along burning ambitions, not the grab bags of greenbacks to pay for all that promotion and powder puff publicity that the studio flacks, the baloney slicers, have to turn out to produce a winsome winner.

They also fail to mention that not Liz, not MM nor even Kim Novak

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THOSE NUDE SHOTS OF LIZ!

(Continued from Page 61.)

In "Cleopatra", the libido-loaded actress bares her soles—and just about everything else—in portraying the Queen of The Nile.

When the film's executives said they wanted her to come clean in a certain bathtub scene, they weren't talking about soap.

The dip Liz takes, all dimples dimpling, is one of the highlights of the marathon movie, a picture that nearly wore out Dickie Burton because of the on and off set bedroom duets he played with Elizabeth.

The water in those bath scenes practically boiled when Liz lowered her luscious body into the tub, her creamy thighs, full breasts being caressed by the lapping ripples.

As the movie cameras rolled, the red-hot tension could almost be cut with a knife as technicians, extras and movie moguls caught their breath.

While their eyes were on Liz, also on hand—but not there to watch that fabulous body—was a special police force. The cops' job: TO BE SURE THAT NOT ONE STILL PICTURE WAS TAKEN OF THE SEXSATIONAL DIP.

For Liz and the studio brass knew that the brazen, anything-for-a-buck Italian paparazzi, the hordes of hungry free-lance photographers that roam through Rome's streets like packs of jackals, would do absolutely anything for just one shot of the bare breasted beauty in the pink.

But everyone connected with the flick, was damned determined that the scene would be no Roman holiday. For they knew that those nude film scenes would be the most tantalizing bait in the world, an intriguing expanse of luscious flesh sure to lure millions of moviegoers and millions and millions of dollars, into theaters all over the world.

Because while a camel driver might walk a mile for a drink of water in Pakistan, he'd RUN 100 miles to see the greatest thing in a bathtub since someone invented floating soap.

(Of course, in the U.S., it's no-soap at all as far as those nude scenes of Liz are concerned. The sizzling water rites just couldn't get past any censor here.)

Now, while all those special cops were going through agonizing torture, keeping their eyes off Liz in order to spot anyone trying to sneak onto the set with a camera, the bathmat was being pulled right out from underneath their feet.

BECAUSE SOMEONE MANAGED TO TAKE STILL SHOTS OF LIZ, AFTER ALL!

Someone managed to capture on film the fantastic figure, the tempting breasts.

It's surprising all right, but the film didn't melt from the torrid, tempting pictures of Liz stretched out on her tummy, completely in the nude, her creamy-white flesh being massaged and rubbed.

Even the wide screen wasn't wide enough to explore the mountains and valleys of the violet-eyed vixen's stripped-down chassis.

BIG BUST

Nor was that the only scene of the nude, long loins of Liz that the movie cameras—and the single still camera—captured. There was that other stunner, for example, of her fantastic bosom when she delicately dropped her towel while stepping into the bath.

The hot-shot film executives were all congratulating themselves at the end of the scene's filming, patting each other on their sweaty backs, convinced that no freelance camera creep had managed to breach the fantastic security measures.

But all of a sudden pictures of Liz, nude, dripping water—and sex—from that bath scene popped up in that national man's magazine that makes a monthly monument out of some babe's completely nude body.

When Liz caught a glimpse of herself in those pages, and in the altogether, she erupted like Mount Vesuvius. Studio flunkies and all the high-powered \$100,000-a-year boys tried to calm her down. But it was useless and her shouts of rage brought the scandal into the open.

For the amazing fact was that Roddy McDowall, who used to help Liz feed squirrels and chipmunks when they were Hollywood child-actors-together, had taken the pictures!

If Liz used to get angry with Roddy for dipping her pigtailed in the inkwell when they were kids, she practically wanted to assassinate him for what she considered to be the worst snafu in the hack she'd ever received.

And making things worse was the fact that the luck-hungry beanpole had sold the pictures for a wad of dough.

Roaring, spitting, screaming like a wounded tigress, Liz burned up the trans-Atlantic phone cables, threatening to sue the pants right off McDowall and the magazine.

Finally all the soothing sounds from those around her, including Dickie Burton, managed to calm down the fuming beauty.

However HUSH HUSH has learned that the pictures in that magazine weren't the only ones Roddy took of Hollywood's greatest walking mountain range.

Smart, savvy businessman that he is, McDowall held on to even more intimate, more revealing, photos of Liz. And he was about to peddle them to the highest bidder when she really, but really, clamped down.

So ferocious, so furious did Liz become that McDowall suddenly turned meek and weak as a lamb, telling columnist Earl Wilson: "An abundance of nakedness is never as attractive as a mere suggestion of nakedness. I'd hoped for subtlety but I thought the printed pictures were too blatant. If the pictures can be printed this way, I don't want them printed. So I killed the rest of them. I explained it all to Elizabeth. She understood."

Oh brother, he killed them because of an "abundance of nakedness!"

That's the biggest laugh of the year! Who's he kidding?

The whole thing's a damn poor excuse for the way Mr. Skinny caved in to Liz's threats.

SHOEMAKER STICK TO YOUR LAST!

Roddy, stick to your profession, acting, and let the photographers take the pictures.

They're used to working in dark-

rooms while you're obviously just whistling in the dark when you prattle on about the unattractiveness of "an abundance of" Lia!

willing and able babes who'll do his sick, sick bidding at a moment's command, but still the idea that he's captured the love of this Nordic Nellie feeds his already swollen ego.

In her note, Ariane told frantic Fidel she was in love with him and would he just do her one small, little favor.

WOULD HE BE NICE ENOUGH TO SEND HER A GIFT: A CUBAN BONGO DRUM.

Castro has been trying to export Communism throughout Latin America at a cost of millions. What could be more to his liking than to be able to ship out a little Cuban goodwill and Commie propaganda for next to nothing to some blonde broad in Germany.

Quicker than the Beard could get some lather from a push-button shaving cream cans, he ordered one of his flunkies to crate a deluxe bongo drum



Dr. SAM SHEPPARD'S BIZARRE BRIDE

(Continued from Page 11)

covered she's nothing more than an egomaniac, a frantic, don't-give-a-damn dame who will do ANYTHING for publicity.

If simpering, suppy Sam Sheppard thought he was the only great love in the life of this Brunhilde with the itchy pen, he's got a helluva surprise in store for himself.

Now some gals go for a guy who's tall dark and handsome, while others prefer the Nordic type: blond, blue eyes, fair.

That's the conventional way of doing things, the way every girl you know sizes up a guy.

But not this quick-on-the-pen pin-up.

Her criteria for measuring a man is how high the headlines are that appear in the local newspapers. So when Sam Sheppard's name was being splashed all over the place in three-inch headlines, she flipped.

Of course the trouble with that is the old story: there's nothing older than yesterday's paper.

CUBAN LOVE SONG

So just for a change of air mail loves, who did Ariane the Aryan pick out to play "post office" with, none other than the Bearded Beast of Cuba, the Kremlin's favorite Latin American stooge, Fidel Castro!

Can't you just see it. The Cuban Creep is lighting up one of his cigars right after breakfast, being extra careful not to start a brush fire in that beard of his, when some flunkie brings him one of this woman's ridiculous, but passion spouting letters.

Now the depraved Cuban dictator

needs another girl friend like he needs more U.S. marines at the Guantanamo Naval base, but his ego was flattered by this kiss-across-the-seas note from Germany.

Castro has his own harem of ready,



Newspapers were filled with pix of Dr. Sam during his trial for the murder of his wife. Here he is seen on his way to jail, handcuffed to a police officer.

and send it to his passionate pen pal.

Ariane's antics, when the Havana Hitler's present arrived, were as if the damn thing had been filled with beer and received by a castaway on a desert island.

She ran around boasting about the drums as if she'd just taken first prize in the Olympic Games. And the whole thing, of course, played right into the hands of the cunning Cuban who had counted on all the publicity.

For, ironically, this America-hating, bearded dictator was portrayed as a great guy, a hot-shot who in the middle of his busy day—you know, sentencing prisoners to be shot, fathers to be jailed, churches to be closed—could take the time to be a "regular Joe" and ship out a bongo drum to some babe in Germany.

This diabolical dame is just one gal who can't say no—to publicity. Whether it's good or bad, and there's been little good, she just loves to be talked about, written up in the cheap tabloids. A headline is like a shot of adrenalin to this headline hungry fraulein.

You would think that anyone, who was connected in any way with the Hitler regime, would keep her big, lipstick smeared mouth, shut. And damn tight.

But not Sam Sheppard's sweetie. It's as if she had been vaccinated with a phonograph needle, and round and round she goes, yakking, yakking, yakking.

Anyone else would take pains never to mention it if they happened to be related to Hitler's top propaganda boss, the strutting, maniacal Joseph Goebbels. But Ariane sort of wore her relationship like some sort of medal, talking openly about how she'd been Goebbels' sister-in-law!

But don't, for a minute, sell this blabbermouth short on brains. Because while she boasted that her half-sister had married the propaganda parrot of the Nazi party, she was damned careful to get on record that she was against Hitler and everything he stood for. As if anyone cared what this busy-body blonde was for and against.

In the past, those who knew Ariane and her weird way with words, merely shrugged her off as someone afflicted with shoot-off-the-mouthitis.

But with her latest involvement in the Sam Sheppard affair, all that has changed and West German officials of

the highest rank are extremely disturbed by her activities in the Cleveland killer's beha!

SHE'S A TOOL?

These government political experts are convinced Sam's sweetie is, without realizing it, being used to further the cause of Germany's small, but militant, band of neo-Nazis... saps who believe in the old Hitler doctrine of Germany, a race of supermen.

The government sharpshooters say the frantic fraulein "is an unimportant publicity seeker who is the unwitting tool of the neo-Nazi propagandists."

The bombastic blonde's attacks on the American judicial setup has played right into the hands of the Nazi crackpots who want to discredit the fantastically fair trial Sheppard had, and turn it to their own diabolical purpose: discredit the Nuremberg trials at which the top Nazi war criminals were convicted.

The ironic thing about the once-handsome Sheppard is that his trial, and his conviction, have appealed to many women, all of them ready to believe him innocent despite the most overwhelming proof of his guilt.

Not only has the pen-pal Ariane from Germany taken up Sheppard's cause, but one of America's wealthiest heiresses has also flipped over the Doc's conviction.

The dollar doll is not only a dame with hucks, he's also one of the country's real glamorpusses and she's ready to spend a mint to prove that Sam Sadsack is really innocent.

Well, her hankers hotter get ready for a run on their hanks, because this apparently well-organized scheme to free the osteopath is going to run up against overwhelming proof of his guilt.

A recent review of the case, with interviews involving all the key cops and lawyers, shows without a shadow of a doubt that the verdict of guilty was a just one.

Ironically, however, it also has brought out that if the glih Sam had told the truth, from the beginning, he'd have been convicted—BUT HE'D BE A FREE MAN TODAY.

Almost everyone of the lawmen and prosecuting officials connected with the case said recently that if Sheppard

had admitted hludgeoning his wife to death, he'd be out of jail by now.

Frank W. Story, retired former police chief of Cleveland, said, "If Sam Sheppard had told the truth, he wouldn't be in jail today."

And Capt. David Kerr, head of the Cleveland homicide squad, is convinced that if his men had been allowed to thoroughly question Sheppard, he would have confessed.

"My best guess is," Kerr said, "that Sam would have told my men he killed his wife in a moment of passion. He had a violent temper. I don't think he intended to kill her, but that's the way it turned out."

And veteran lawyers, as well as members of the prosecutor's staff, are convinced that if Sheppard had admitted he killed in a moment of anger—the worst he would have been guilty of would have been voluntary manslaughter.

Instead, by maintaining he was innocent, the suave, smooth Sheppard ended up with a murder conviction.

Voluntary manslaughter carries a penalty of one-to-20 years. No bargain you may say until you realize this:

SAM SHEPPARD WOULD HAVE BEEN ELIGIBLE FOR PAROLE ONLY A YEAR AFTER HE WAS CONVICTED!

HE WOULD HAVE BEEN FREE YEARS AGO, IF HE'D ADMITTED HIS CRIME.

But Kerr's men never had the chance for prolonged, uninterrupted questioning.

Always one of the physician's hand of legal counsel, the finest that money could buy, would race to the jail after he was tipped off that a questioning session had started.

And these legal eagles would flap their wings, interrupt the questioning and tell Sam to keep his mouth shut.

"At one point," Kerr said, "a 2-man team had Sam to the point where he was ready to tell all. If we would have had another hour, we would have had the true facts in the case. But, as usual, some sort of pipeline reached the lawyers and we were halted in our quest."

Sheppard's family, of course, has never stopped trying to prove he's innocent. And among those they've hired was Dr. Stanley Kirk, a San Francisco expert in criminology.

The truth of the matter is that Kirk, a sharp-eyed, no-nonsense guy, deter-

mined that the man who killed Marilyn Sheppard was left-handed, and had smashed her 27 times with a blunt instrument.

Kirk didn't know it, but the prosecution was also convinced of this. And they had a picture of Sheppard at a garden party, using his left hand.

But Sheppard would be free today if, when he raised his right hand and

swore on the bible "to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," he'd done just that.

Told the truth, admitted it was a crime of passion, and been found guilty of voluntary manslaughter—not murder.

Instead he lied and in the most deadly serious game of "truth or consequences" that he'd ever played, Sam Sheppard lost.

GULLIBLE AMERICANS BAMBOOZLED

(Continued from Page 33)



It was no surprise at all, then that Mrs. Hammond signed up for an introductory dance course. In no time the bewildered, bewitched woman was floundering in water over her head.

The sales pitch proved to be as seductive as a serpent. On February 14, 1956, Louise Hammond signed a contract for 100 hours of dance lessons at a cost of \$865.

Four days later—that's right, only FOUR DAYS LATER—she put her signature on a second contract. This one was for \$3,654.

Imagine! \$3,654 for dancing lessons! But the money was nothing, really. At this point—almost mesmerized by the blandishments—even a less lonely woman would have danced along willingly to the irresistible tune.

And Mrs. Hammond went on dancing. In June, that same year, she signed still a third contract—this time for 500 hours, at a cost of \$3,654.

By now you'd think, Mrs. Hammond would be giving Dale Studio instructors dance lessons. But no. First she must take a small refresher course—100 hours at the Dale Camden, N.J., studio—for \$865.

Back in Philadelphia, she kept up her lessons. But one day the "spell" broke. Mrs. Hammond found herself reeling. And it wasn't the Virginia Reel or a new Cha Cha step.

It was reality. Reality tripped her. Horror-stricken, she took stock of her folly. Half her savings were gone, foolishly frittered away, wasted. On what?

On unfulfilled promises, it seems.

It was on these grounds—SHEER, UNADULTERED FRAUD—that Mrs. Hammond brought suit.

She had been promised free parties, she testified. And free trips. Only one trip was actually received, she told the court. That was to New York, she testified, and she paid for it.

Free parties? There hadn't been a single party she and the other students hadn't footed the bill for, Mrs. Hammond said.

"All of these benefits, which may seem like fool's gold to those of us who lead serene lives amidst our loved ones and friends, are exactly the objects designed to attract someone who is lonely," Judge Theodore L. Reimel commented.

The jurist noted that Mrs. Hammond had been led to the chopping block "by a number of clever dance instructors employing a highly organized, extremely efficient technique for the sale of dancing lessons."

The studio owner, Alexander H. Harold, the judge said, "fraudulently capitalized on the susceptibilities of a lonely individual seeking companionship, popularity, entertainment. All these and more had been promised the plaintiff.

"And more specific promises were made which the defendant DID NOT PLAN TO FULFILL at the time the promises were made."

A simple rundown of the contracts signed by the gullible widow was convincing proof, the judge said, "of the persuasiveness of the defendant and his power to sell the realization of

dreams to the gullible lonely."

The judge called the case "ONE IN WHICH THE FRAUD IS SO PATENT, SO CONTRIVED, SO INSTITUTIONALIZED." And with that, he ordered Harold to return \$7,553 to his hapless victim.

The old circus genius, P.T. Barnum, expressed it most aptly. "There's one born every minute," he said, and he meant SUCKERS.

In more polite circles, they call them the Dancing Widows. Elderly women who sign up for one "lifetime" dance course after another—as if they could squeeze a dozen lifetimes into a few heady fairy tale years in the arms of some pompadoured ballroom panderer.

One 69-year-old woman handed over \$34,913 for eight "lifetime" memberships—EIGHT LIFETIMES, tangoing to the high pressure con man's tune.

A flambozzled 79-year-old surrendered \$11,800 to learn to samba!

For that price she could have bought her own samba band and a chorus line of side-burned Valentinos.

Outrageous? Yes. But such swindles are relatively harmless compared to much of the quackery and con artistry that costs victims some \$2 billion a year.

The toll can be more than money. It can also be disease, disfigurement and even DEATH!

No potential push-over is too old, too pathetic, too desperately driven by disease and fear. Nothing is sacred to the unprincipled paradise of shady commerce and outright quackery.

They offer the SURE CURE, INSTANT LOVE and the inevitable GET RICH QUICK SCHEME.

The response is phenomenal. Young and old, men and women, the rich and the poor clutching a pitiful lifetime's saving, the gullible itching for a short cut to big money, the doomed and pain-racked in search for magic balm they are the victims.

But most pitiful are the old people, easiest and most vulnerable prey for the slicksters and quacks. Often ailing, alone and low-income—eager to latch onto some get-rich-quick scheme—the beguiled oldster is the victim of his own vanity, avarice, ego, loneliness and ill-health.

Arthritis sufferers are marked targets for the "most vicious cruelties of quackery—so says Dr. Ronald W. Lamont-Havers, medical director of the Arthritis and Rheumatism Foundation.

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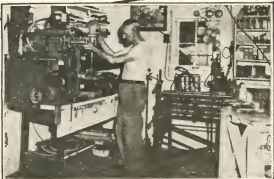
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The \$1 billion industry that traffics in medical fakery, psychological voodoo and so-called "health-foods" comes up with dozens of supposed arthritis-miracle cures a year—each one more outrageous and expensive than the last.

"CURES" CAN KILL

Driven by pain, the sufferers hobble into line for the latest "miracle." One such "wonder" drug has been linked with TWO DEATHS AND THIS KILLER-CURE HAS BEEN BANNED FROM U.S. HOSPITALS.

The cure that killed was Liefort, Lamont-Havers reports. A leading magazine ranted and raved about the drug in an article last year and Americans swarmed to Montreal for the cure.

A stricken 6-year-old girl was given her dose of Liefort. Instead of the promised bliss of lifting pain, Dr. Lamont-Havers reports, the child grew "tremendous breasts" and hideous hair on her face.

"This," the Foundation Director charged, "illustrates how successfully articles in lay magazines can skyrocket an insignificant, ineffectual remedy to national importance, causing hundreds of thousands to be duped and endangered."

The files are rotten with such outrages. One year more than 250,000 people paid out a fortune to go to Texas and sit in abandoned uranium mines—supposedly soaking up the radiation to cure their arthritis.

Other sufferers shelled out \$30 each for the Oxydoner—a high-priced little metal disc to clip to wrist or ankle and a tube that the victim was instructed to dip in water—the colder the better. Thirty bucks for a few cents worth of metal . . . and plastic and the benefits—a big fat zero.

"Thiede's stretch-to-health head harness" attracts its duped and suffering believers. The harness—a concoction of chains, harness and doorway hanger—was touted as the way to "stretch your spine for health."

For a mere \$300, some unscrupulous inventor offered his "Atomotrone"—a gadget consisting of a kitchen cabinet, a sun lamp, colored glass and a couple of jars—to irradiate your drinking water and, allegedly, CURE WHATEVER AILS YOU.

The "fabulous Zerret Applicator" claimed to produce Z-rays—whatever

the hell they might be—guaranteed to "expand all the atoms of your body and produce PERFECT HEALTH."

Sounds too incredibly phony to believe, doesn't it? But, oh, how the sufferers clamored to shell out their dough FOR NOTHING!

Build a better mousetrap, the old saying goes. Well, the medical quacks have improved on the motto. Build a sillier arthritis cure and the world will beat a path of greenbacks to your door.

"You're in a bed of pain," arthritis-sufferer Jerry J. Walsh explained. "YOU'LL TRY ANYTHING TO STOP THE PAIN." Walsh, whose athletic career was killed by crippling arthritis adds bitterly:

"I'm sick and tired of being exploited . . . but if someone with a glih tongue approached me now, I might sneak in a treatment."

That's what desperation can do. And that's the kind of desperation the greedy fakers of medicine's lunatic fringe thrive on. You name it, they'll promote it.

HE-MAN TONIC

"Immune milk" to cure an assortment of diseases at \$1.70 a quart, "mineralized molasses cookies," "protein doughnut mix", not to mention "Viritahs", "Red Rooster pills" and "He-Man Hematinic Tonic" for fizzled out would-be Don Juan's.

The gullible will even buy bottled sea water if some life-sucking leech promotes it as a cure for cancer, heart disease, "tired blood" or "that run-down feeling."

Sea water and vinegar capsules have been given the literary sales push in a widely distributed book by a currently outspoken diet faddist.

Dr. Robert E. Shank, chairman of the American Medical Association's Food and Nutrition Council cites such nosily-touted nostrums as cod liver oil and orange juice (another arthritis "cure") and safflower oil capsules (to strip away pounds and ward off heart disease.)

"Belief in such nonsense obviously can delay proper medical attention," Shank warns.

In other words: Seawater and cod liver oil may not KILL anyone. BUT THEY CAN BLIND A BELIEVER TO SEEKING LEGITIMATE MEDICAL HELP THAT COULD SAVE HIS LIFE!

Not all the con rackets are medical, however. In some cases it is the victim's own greed that leads him to the fleecing. Suckers with \$\$\$ lights in their eyes have invested as much as \$10,000 in vending machines, knitting equipment and other bogus "make money at home" gadgets in hopes of hyping their bank accounts.

For a really successful bankroll padding operation, you have to look to the professional swindler, it seems. Like the phony "inspectors" who pretend to work for the gas company, the city health department or the federal government.

These phonies get into homes and con citizens into unneeded repairs or trick them into handing over their Social Security checks.

Then there are the furnace swindlers, who somehow convince oldsters their heating unit is about to explode. Then they set about collecting a small fortune for a new furnace.

"We live in 'The Era of the Hard Sell,'" Michigan Senator Pat McNamara has said. "Television and radio bring the glih, persuasive 'pitchman' with his often exhorbitant claims into every living room."

The pitch is on. The suckers are swarming to squander their dollars on vain hopes and non-existent cures. AND UNLESS THE PUBLIC INSISTS ON MEASURES TO HALT THE FLOW OF ROTTEN COMMERCE AND FRAUD, THE HEARTLESS AND GREEDY WILL CONTINUE TO CLAIM THEIR VICTIMS.

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AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY



PRIVATE WIRE OF THE JET SET

(Continued from Page 9)

small screens. It is a new invention and promises to be a big hit soon from coast to coast. A single projector beams the film through a patented picture-splitting device to the 41/2x21/2 foot screens. The idea behind this new gimmick is that it permits low-level construction of the Drive-in-Movies and consequently each viewer has the best location in the house!

- The most hushed-up rumor in Hollywood these past weeks was that Lana Turner, completely depressed, has been talking suicide to some of her closest pals . . .

- Grace Kelly still wants to stage a come-back in the movies. The latest offer she got was to star in a sensational film—together with Liz Taylor! The film's title is "The Queen And The Hire." When Prince Rainier heard about this he blew his top. "That's all we need" he was heard shouting around the Monaco Palace . . .

- Watch out for a sensational trial in Los Angeles Superior Court. Johnny Mathis has been slapped with a \$40,000 lawsuit by a pretty girl named Beverly Gilbohm. The gal claims she was hired as "a model" to be with the

star in public for "romantic" publicity purposes. But she was never paid. She also claims that during an argument with Mathis in Seattle, Wash., she was "held captive against her will" for 10 days. She further complains that all her money and a plane ticket to L.A. were taken from her and that she was arrested on false charges made by Mathis and his handlers.

- Audrey Hepburn (see our story about Bill Holden in this issue) is now seeing a famous psychiatrist in order to straighten out her marital problems with hubby Mel Ferrer . . .

- Marlon Brando has always had a strange selection of girl friends. His latest date is a pretty blonde hypnotist, Pat Collins, who works at the Interlude Club in Los Angeles . . .

- Elvis Presley went to the Peppermint West in Los Angeles with an attractive Sepia singer. They were having a wonderful time doing the twist, when all of a sudden the phone rang. It was Presley's manager, Colonel Parker, calling. He told Elvis in no uncertain terms to leave the place at once . . .



CASSIUS CLAY-BOXING'S NEW WONDERBOY

(Continued from Page 25)

And a career, and a legend, were born.

The career, of course, is carefully nurtured by Clay, the businessmen-syndicate and his trainer, Angelo Dundee.

The myth is all the Louisville Lip's doing.

He not only has a perfect eye for an opponent's chin, he also knows how to throw knockout publicity punches.

Take, for example, his "women" theory.

"Everything in this life is made to suit the women," he says. "If the women come, the men got to follow, ain't that so? So to get a good gate, I wear these pretty white shoes and these shiny white trunks, and the women says, 'Land, ain't he nice and neat.' The women don't like the sight

of blood either, so I make sure they never see none of mine by not getting hit."

Cassius' father is Cassius Sr., the family getting its name from forebearers who were the slaves of C. M. Clay, a kinsman of Henry Clay, the great orator.

Young Cassius says he owes his success to no one, except himself. But his father disagrees.

The lithe, lean loudmouth says his father told him "he made me because he fed me vegetable soup and steak when I was a baby, going without shoes to pay the food bill and arguing with my mother because she didn't want me eating those things when I was so little."

"My Daddy also says he made me because he saved me from working so I could box—I've never worked a day in my life."

How could he? Before he was 18 years old he'd logged more than 140 amateur fights, winning all but seven.

And then he went to the Olympics in Rome.

In and out of the ring, they'd never seen the likes of Clay. Boxing, he was rapier fast, brown lightning, hard hitting and easily smashed his way to victory over a befuddled and confused Pole.

Outside the ropes, he was even more devastating.

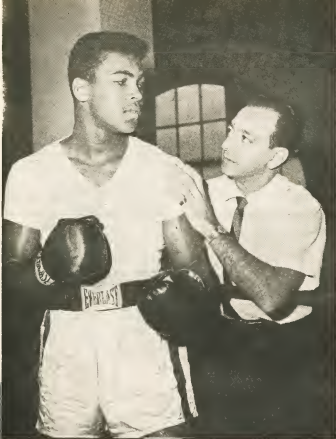
Given a gold medal for his ring win, he also considered it a green light to become an international celebrity.

He became just about the most popular of the thousands of athletes at the Olympic Games.

It was as if he was running for Mayor. He introduced himself to everyone he met, shook their hands and practically invited them down to Louisville for the next Kentucky Derby.

At the same time, he really told a sniveling, smart-alec Russian reporter where the newspaper hack could go.

"This Commie Cat comes up," Clay recalled and asked him how he felt after winning a gold medal but "you still can't go back to the U.S. and eat with the white folks because you're a colored boy?" "I looked him up and down and standing tall and proud I told him: 'We've got qualified people working on this problem, and I'm not worried about the outcome. To me the U.S.A. is still the best country in the world.'"



Cassius Clay is the first heavyweight since Joe Louis to show signs of being able to revive public interest in boxing. Trainer Angelo Dundee is with him here.

When Clay returned to the U.S., he had the medal, a reputation and a lot to learn about professional boxing.

Fortunately, he had the right man to do the job, smart, cunning Angelo Dundee: a former fighter, a ring-wise veteran, a skilled trainer.

He also had a powerful verbal jab and before long he'd used it on Clay.

The crafty old fighter, fed up with Cassius' boasts that he was the equal of Sugar Ray Robinson and marvelous Archie Moore, decked him with:

"You, my friend, are neither Sugar Ray Robinson nor Archie Moore and you've got a long way to go before you will even resemble them. You are Cassius Marcellus Clay Jr., and that's the man I'm going to teach you to fight like."

Clay took the count, and then came back, declaring later:

"Dundee has done a lot for me. But what has changed the most is my natural ability."

You just can't keep a good man down. And if you don't believe it, just check with the Lip of Louisville.

And whatever you do, unless you have a few hours to kill, don't ask him how he'll do against Liston. It's murder, to hear C.C. tell it.

"I'm just a youngster," he says. "I won't begin to mature fully until I have knocked out Sonny Liston this year and won the heavyweight title. When I go in there, I'll stand taller than Liston. He's ugly. He looks tough. But I'll eat him up. He'll go in six rounds. And I have already

written my poem for the Liston fight."

Aud here's that poem Cassius was talking about:

AND SONNY, TOO . . .

By Cassius Clay

To whom it may concern,
For all the people will learn
The greatest fighter of them all
Is Cassius Clay who makes them fall.

He is strong and very fast,
The fights he fights, never last.
Liston is big. Liston is tough,
But to beat Cassius Clay, it isn't enough.

The men Liston fought, he'd have to say,

None were as good as young Cassius Clay
In this fight, everything goes,
When Liston will fall only Cassius Clay knows.

There's only one man who deserves the crown
He's Cassius Clay the greatest around

Charles (Sonny) Liston is now the king,

But this will change when Clay is in the ring,
The bigger they are, the harder they fall

But for Sonny Liston it will be all.
The fight with Clay will try to be stalled,

Because Cassius' rounds are always called.

They said it was awful for Liston to fight Clay,

But Cassius remarked, "I'll put the bum away."

Charles (Sonny) Liston was pretty good

But after the fight, only one man stood.

This was the man who now owned the crown,

He is Cassius Clay who put old Liston down.

Charles (Sonny) Liston stayed off his feet,

Because he knew he met defeat.

The referee had counted Sonny out,
Now he admits that Clay packs a clout,

For Sonny Liston, there'll be no talking,

For he is lucky he is walking.

Now for Clay, there's another call,
You heard him say,
"The bum must fall!"

When Cassius Clay talks he always flashes a big grin. Says he:

"I talk because it helps bring out

the fans. Others, too. People who never saw a fight come to see Cassius. I set records wherever I go.

"When I fought Charley Powell in Pittsburgh, it was 18 below zero and the snow was three feet deep. But 11,700 came to see if I would fulfill my prediction that he would fall in three.

"This Powell is tough. In the first two rounds he takes it good. In the third he says, 'This is the round, Come on, big mouth! So I hit him—whap, whap—and down he goes. He's half unconscious but he looks up and whispers, 'Cassius, you're the greatest.' . . ."

The other day, in Miami, Cassius Clay gave a blow-by-blow prediction of his fight for the championship:

"In the first, I move in and out with straight, sharp left jabs. I keep my distance, circling him, making him miss. I talk to him. I tell him he's ugly. He gets mad. That's what I want.

"I stick him some more in the second round. He tries to go for me, but he misses. I clinch and talk to him, making him madder. I say, 'Come on, big bear, come on. I stick him with jabs to the body, fast and snappy.

"I keep this up in the third. When I see an opening I lay it in him—jabs, hooks, right crosses. I don't let him get too close, because he's big and ugly. When he moves in, I tie him up.

"Now it's the fourth and he's getting tired. Any heavyweight would get tired following me. I'm fast and shifty. He's getting too tired to think. I keep sticking him.

"In the fifth, he's really worrying. He says to himself, 'I predicted I would knock Clay out in the first round. Now it's the fifth. Will Clay's prediction come true?

"I'm on top of him now. I land four or five hooks, ratata, like a machine gun. I'm shacking him up . . . The champ's weak. He's about to fall. But, bang, the bell saves him.

"Now it's the sixth. This is the round. The crowd stays on its feet. I jab, jab, jab and Liston's falling. He's going. He's down, but he's up again at the count of six. Whap, I lay it on him and he's down again. He's through. The referee stops it . . ."

When he had finished this emotional prediction, he said to the reporter:

"I ought to get me a little tape

recorder, make a record of that and send it over to Liston. It'd shake him."

You might call that guy boastful and cocky but the truth is that Cassius Clay had brought badly needed

fresh air into the decaying fight business. His poetic prophecies might perhaps sound silly but the truth is that up to now he's always been right . . .

Ode to a Champion: Cassius Marcellus Clay

By CASSIUS M. CLAY
Hail to a man of muscle and brain,
A fighter in spirit of heart
That shadow-boxed and sweated and punched
And learned the boxer's art,
Hail to the gladiators of old, whose opponents
Could never surpass them
And hail to Cassius Marcellus Clay who will
out-punch, out-fight and out-class them.

In the Golden Age of Augustus,
Rome was glorious and existing
And Clay is opening a new and
Golden Age to Modern Fighting.
Dempsey had spirit, and Joe Louis was skilled
and Corbett was Gentleman Jim,
And John L. Sullivan was Boston's Pride —
A mighty name for him.

Joe Walcott prayed — and he won his fights —
and other names you might hear,
But the new Golden Age of boxing dawned
And it starts with Cassius Clay.

And tell me who's around
That I can't K. O. in an early round?
On the 11th of March at the Garden
in my combat with Douglas Jones
I promise the 18,000 fans that
I'll battle and outlie his bones.

This boy like to mix
He will go in six,
And there's a rated bighor
Who claims to be a fighter
His name is Sonny Liston,
I will hit him like a Pison.

Bring on such shades of Superman
Respect for each round again,
There'll be laid out on the canvas
If he's the referee's true count to "ten".

The word's been passed around
That I'm a very charming prize,
The greatest fighter that ever lived,
and I'll gladly tell you who,
My secret is self-confidence, a champion at birth,
I'm braced, I'm fresh, I'm smart —
My fans have proved my worth.

Marcellus vanquished Carthage,
Cassius had Julius Caesar lost,
And Clay will listen Douglas Jones
with a mightier, measured blow.

So when the going gets and the
referee sings out "The Winner",
And Sonny Liston will tell,
Cassius Marcellus Clay will be
the noblest Roman of them all.



PREMARITAL SEX BINGES ROCK COLLEGES

(Continued from Page 32)

A puny 15 percent were getting it steady far any significant period before marriage. Slow to shed their virginity, the college lads were positively prudish about pre-marital intercourse.

Most of them claimed to have nothing to do with the play-for-pay babes, and certain sober-sided chaps flatly told the Indiana Sexpert they considered intercourse "too precious" to waste on anyone but their chosen bride.

The few campus lady killers who admitted they actually enjoyed "going all the way" were apt to be sneered at by their prissy frat brothers.

What was really amazing was that these sex-resistant campus innocents

were actually regarded as HOPELESSLY WILD by their parents and lower levels of the population.

Anxious parents of college age kiddies were vastly comforted by Kinsey's unexpected findings. In fact, it is plain to see now that WE WERE ALL LULLED INTO A FALSE SENSE OF SECURITY BY KINSEY'S PRISTINE PORTRAIT OF SEX ON THE CAMPUS!

Far a decade now a sexual hurricane has been gathering force . . . the tide has turned on those ab-so-sheltered and supposedly monastic campuses.

The truth has HIT with all the force of a hydrogen warhead.

Just the other day, an authorita-

five and outspoken group of educators unleashed that warhead by frankly conceding that the barriers against pre-marital sex are hitting the dust on campuses from coast to coast.

The super scholarly Journal of the National Association of Womens Deans and Counselors actually devoted its ENTIRE JANUARY ISSUE to a warning of what the editors called A GROWING SEXUAL CRISIS ON THE CAMPUS!

What really lent this bombshell its impact of TRUTH was that it had been published by and for the Deans and Counselors themselves—by and for the very group that so often is guilty of sweeping campus sex scandal under the carpet.

But the Journal's dissection of the current sexual crisis was just too well documented to be ignored.

"Crises are inevitable," the Journal's editor, Indiana U. Prof. Kate Hevener Mueller wrote. "Soul searching, routine and confusion rampant, far sex behavior and sex ethics have become national problems, unacknowledged, unsolved and unsolved."

Too many educators, the Journal hinted, have been like ostriches—heads buried in the sand, blind to the frantic bodies writhing about in the dark in fraternity house libraries, blind to the nude beach parties after-hours at Suntan U., blind to the unbridled lust of alcohol binges and fierce petting parties.

If it were only an occasional mixed-up nymphomaniac bouncing from bed to bed or a spring-time pregnancy or two turning up at the college infirmary, you can bet your bottom dollar these educators wouldn't be stirring up such a hornet's nest.

But it is no longer a matter of isolated sexual breakouts. The promiscuity bug and the anti-virginity epidemic are everywhere.

What is behind this incredible revolution?

Oregon State University Prof. Lester A. Kirkendall, sociologist and sex behavior expert, offers a handful of answers:

College kids are "confused and uncertain" concerning sexual standards. Adult control has just about disappeared.

Parental supervision is gone, chaperones serve primarily on ornamental function, rules hamper but do not prevent.

Young people are pursuing an education in a world of chaos and international tension.

Adults set moral standards far youth which they do not follow themselves.

Three decades of working with students and listening to their sexploits and sex problems has convinced Kirkendall, that pre-marital intercourse on the campus is DEFINITELY INCREASING.

"The actual decisions as to what sexual practices shall be followed are made by the youth in their own privacy and their own way," Kirkendall writes. "Controls imposed by authoritative adults are a THING OF THE PAST."

"We may not like this, but it is a fact of life."

CONFUSED CAPERS

The image tossed out by this provocative and highly volatile report would certainly startle even Prof. Kinsey. It is the image of headstrong, determined yet highly confused adolescents who are unable or unwilling to keep their panties on.

"Unprepared for and often incapable of managing the responsibility for biological and social maturity," as the Journal suggests, these students are deaf and blind to traditional restraints.

Morality? Hagwash, they say. Pregnancy, venereal disease, community disapproval? Who cares? Haven't you heard of penicillin? The kids will ask. And birth control pills . . . not to mention the local abortionist.

"Youth is ignorant and reckless," Editor Mueller remarks. "But the world is harsh and unforgiving and the dean's job as mediator is a difficult one."

No one group is totally to blame.

Adults are spanked by the educators for being "evasive and dishonest" when issues involving sex arises. Parents are criticized for abandoning adolescents when guidance is needed most.

"Youth," Kirkendall suggests, "should be helped in thinking their way through the morass of existing contradictions. Youth need help in developing a value framework which will have meaning for them."

"Openness and objectivity in the educational process, and faith in the capacity of youth to make judicious judgements and to respond maturely to those expressions of trust," are what is needed.

As might have been expected,

many educators across the country were quick to deny the Journal's devastating indictment.

Certain strait-laced and tightly-girdled lady Deans pulled on their rose-colored glasses and pronounced campus sexual problems "non-existent."

But only a few weeks later one of the most respected female educators in America added fuel to the fire. Mrs. Mary I. Bunting, president of Radcliffe (Harvard's feminine neighbor) agreed that pre-marital sex problems are being shoved "under the rug!"

"Tucking promiscuity away is no longer a sensible solution," the dynamic educator was quoted as saying in the Daily Crimson, Harvard's undergraduate newspaper.

The pre-marital passions of Radcliffe coeds have not been a pressing problem, Mrs. Bunting pointed out. But, she told the Crimson, it would be valuable to do a careful study of college sex patterns at Harvard and Radcliffe during the past 25 years.

"College officials have not faced the problem of premarital sexual relations as squarely as they should," she said.

Mrs. Bunting has been facing such problems in her own fairlight way. As the Crimson noted, under her firm feminine hand, the curfew rules and other restrictions on the Radcliffe gal's social life have been radically liberalized.

Not that such rules have ever been particularly effective at preventing heterosexual hanky panky on any campus—"Haven't they ever heard of love in the afternoon?" one coed said with a teasing grin.

"Rules were made to be broken," a mid-western coed said defiantly. "I sign out for home every weekend and move into my boyfriend's apartment. The rules are ridiculous. I don't feel the least bit guilty about breaking them. Virginity is just old-fashioned."

How many of today's emancipated coeds agree?

No one really knows for sure but sociologists and psychologists—especially those who men the campus counseling services—are definitely alarmed.

And farcibly segregating the two sexes—keeping the lusty coeds in dormitory fortresses under lock and key or forbidding them to cross the threshold of a male student's pad—hasn't worked.

So some schools are experimenting

with giving Joe College and Betty Coed more rope to run loose on. Strict curfew laws are being relaxed. Senior women are being given keys to their dorms and told to come and go as they please.

A handful of courageous educators have even risked the wrath and outcry of outraged bluenoses, by permitting guys and chicks to occupy the same dorm.

True enough, the sexes are carefully segregated by floor and actual bedrooms are off-limits to members of the opposite gender—but recreation and dining facilities are delightfully hetero.

The theory behind this radical full time house party atmosphere is: given more freedom, students are expected to behave with greater maturity.

Old-fashioned educators—who still believe coeds should be strapped into chastity belts and the keys thrown away—are almost hysterical over such innovations.

But, so far, none of the schools with co-ed dorms has gone quite as far as the Clifton Training School in Nottingham, England.

There guys and gals may visit each other IN THEIR OWN ROOMS until 10 p.m. WITH NO QUESTIONS ASKED. "We treat the students as adults and they react with responsibility," principal Kenneth Baird tells critics.

"We don't go in for a system of chaperones because you will not make people moral by giving them a book of regulations."

COED COMMENTS

The big debate—freedom or restriction—as the best means of heading off a sexplosion on the campus—continues with students themselves in heated argument.

Freedom can be fatal, one coed insists. "A girl entering college today is often overwhelmed by the independence offered her: she feels she must prove herself as an experienced adult."

One way to demonstrate so-called 'maturity' seems to be by sexual experience. Those who maintain high moral standards are MADE TO FEEL FOOLISH OR PRUDISH in conforming to the "old fashioned" morals set by their parents.

"... THE FREEDOM WHICH COLLEGE OFFERS... HAS BROUGHT LOWER MORALS TO TODAY'S COLLEGE CAMPUS," this coed writes.

But as another college coed suggests, the moral evolution is hardly an exclusive property of the college campus. "Similar changes are taking place in most segments of American society," this University of Oregon student points out.

"These changes... are only symptomatic of a new attitude toward marriage... no longer is marriage considered a lasting and sacred institution... the increase in divorces, and the indication that many are caused by an unsatisfactory sexual adjustment has caused much anxiety before and during marriage."

College kids are so filled with this anxiety, the Oregon coed suggests, they run about wildly experimenting in sexual compatibility and hopping in and out of the sack to prove their sexual prowess.

It's obvious from all this that educators are perching precariously atop a volcano of raging sexual tension. For every outspoken liberal advocating honest sex education and freedom with guidance there is some penicky spinster ostrich Dean of Women with her head in the sand crying, "Sex doesn't exist—not on our campus."

The atmosphere created by violent disagreement on pre-marital sex behavior has put so much contradictory pressure on today's college student—especially the coed—it is no wonder she is seething with confusion, frustration and uncontrollable passions.

Imagine a society that strictly forbids sexual intercourse outside of wedlock. Imagine further, that more than half of this society's youth dabble in illicit sex anyway.

The girls are condemned. The boys are not. No matter how busy he is seducing every inexperienced female in sight, the lad expects to marry a virgin. Be free, be equal, this society tells its young females. But not in bed.

This interesting society has adopted an amusing and fascinating spring time rite. Its young people gather at the beaches in huge crowds—of blissful anonymity—and there the female tastes sex with no fear that word of her indiscreet behavior will filter back to her own community.

Is this some sort of South Sea Island primitive culture?

Not on your life.

This "pagan" society is none other than America today, as described by sociologist Ira L. Reiss of Bard College and the beaches Reiss refers to are—

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you guessed it—Ft. Lauderdale and Daytona, where eager coeds ore deflowered each spring by hordes of beer-buoyed stallions.

Reiss divides college kids into five groups—abstemious, double standard believers, the single standard, the double standard with special exemption for the female in love and the "everything, but—" crowd.

"Chastity—total abstinence—is considered the best policy by most college kids," Reiss writes. However, few practice it.

The "informal, dominant" code for most colleges is the double standard: It's okay for the males to sow their wild oats, but the females must remain virgins.

The female hasn't as great a sex drive, double standard bearers like to say. Reiss says research denied this.

The double standard, with one exception "has become increasingly popular with many women," Reiss finds. The exception says it's proper for a woman to have sex if she's engaged or in love.

The single standard gives complete sexual freedom for both men and women—but tends to limit both guys and gals to sleeping with the fiancée or "steady" of the moment.

The "anything, but—" crowd allows a girl to indulge in all sorts of exotic and erotic behavior—oral, anal, memory and what have you—and still remain a "virgin" as long as petting stops short of vaginal penetration.

"Not Going All The Way," the kids call it and girls who indulge may carry on with as many partners as they choose and still regard themselves as "chaste." "Promiscuous virgins," Reiss calls them.

Reiss refuses to advocate one standard or another. He merely reports the good and bad inherent in each—the double standard, he suggests, may end up creating frigid wives and unfaithful hubbies.

But he is optimistic. The codes, as confusing and paradoxical as they are, tend to link sex and love—a link lacking, says Reiss for thousands of years.

"Such codes," he feels, "are capable of generating understanding between men and women."



FIDEL CASTRO'S HEROIN FACTORY

(Continued from Page 29)

of rich, fertile farm land are being plowed up and poppies planted.

Where once coffee, sugar and tobacco grew, now only the sinister poppies flourish and thrive.

These deadly fields of poison were planted more than eight months ago and soon they'll be harvested.

Castro hopes to start pumping this Red poison into the mainstream of Western resistance.

Of course, the most important part of this plot is a processing plant, and don't think the cunning Castro has overlooked the construction of a manufacturing set up.

Cuban laborers are working around the clock, under the ever watchful eyes of the Chinese Reds, in order to complete the plant in time.

Thus, only 90 miles from the U.S., narcotics experts are convinced, Castro is coming up with a diabolical new source for desperately needed funds.

The egg-shell economy of the island is in danger of cracking wide open and the frantic Castro is positive that the heroin operation will bring millions into his treasury.

And those Red technicians are pointing out the sale of heroin raked in \$200,000,000 last year for China—dollars used to stave off famine with the purchase of Canadian wheat.

The Reds have never failed to stoop to anything to further their worldwide machinations, and the heroin plot is just the latest insane scheme aimed at world conquest.



AMERICAN NEGRO GIRL-FOLIES BERGERE

(Continued from Page 13)

of a black panther in the jungle.

She had started out in the show a nobody with a beautiful body, and now she was a Somebody with some body, a headliner stealing the show from a French comedienne, Linda Gloria, and an Italian songstress, Silvana Blasi.

The dark-eyed, full-mouthed Silvana was especially seething as night after night she was upstaged by Sherry, her songs practically falling on deaf ears as the audience was hypnotized into a state of ecstasy by the dancer's sensational gyrations.

For weeks the smoldering Silvana had been bugging Sherry, cursing the sepiu sensation and harassing her.

Like an uncontrollable Mount Vesuvius, the venom poured out of Silvana, Sherry said.

The daughter of a North Carolina minister, now living in Baltimore, Sherry was branded nothing but a piece of "black coal" by the torch-singer.

And then, just to make sure the dancer knew exactly where she stood with Silvana, the singer deliberately walked past Sherry, HOLDING HER NOSE WITH TWO FINGERS.

But the night the two stalked each other backstage, eyes flashing, breasts and stomachs heaving, was the pay off. Sherry's rage boiled over.

What had gone on earlier in the evening finally touched off the dancer's fuse, and like a Dark Destroyer she went after Silvana.

For while she had been teasing the audience into a state of delirium with a wild climax to her dance number,

Sherry heard Silvana, who was standing on stage, blow her nose, a loud honking sound that sounded like a flock of Canadian geese.

Like a jungle cat Sherry pounced on Silvana, her fingernails like claws, her fists like jackhammers.

This was no cheap publicity stunt. This was for real. And when they pulled Sherry off the battered Silvana, the singer was down, and out, her nose broken, both eyes swollen and black.

Was Sherry sorry later? Hell, no, explaining: "He called me names so why should I be sorry. Besides, it ain't me that's hurt."

If Sherry had needed anything else to make her Paris' darling, that was

it. Parisians have always rooted for the underdog and the tawny temptress, altho unknown in the U.S., is now the toast of Paris.

She's stepping into the shoes of another famed American Negro dancer who, like Sherry, came to Paris unknown.

That was in 1928. The girl was Josephine Baker, another nobody who became an international somebody.

Sherry is no pale imitation of La Josephine, she's tops, and there's no doubt she's starting out on an equally fabulous career.

As even Silvana ruefully admits, the American beauty sure packs plenty of punch!



KISS SEX GODDESSES GOODBYE!

(Continued from Page 37)

made it without the big boost from behind.

The only one who ever did without it was Brigitte Bardot—and that was strictly an accident—because she hit it off in "God Created Woman" as an exotic foreigner, a bare-bottomed towel dropper and a scandalous-amorous scamp whose off-screen antics made her an overnight sensation and the epitome of sex.

SEX-OTIC

Who can repeat it? And would such tricks work this far from Gay Paree?

Some believe they would, claiming that the only chance Hollywood has to survive is to rely more and more on sexy girls.

These know-it-alls point out that TV exploits mostly male heroes, and not delicious dolls, because the little blue box in your living room (and the people who put the pictures on it) are under strict federal controls about cleavage and the use of raw sex as a selling gimmick.

There's also the fact that TV stars must lead dull, colorless lives for the same reason, avoiding like the plague any whisper of nudity, divorce and

marriage scandals—mainly because their contracts insist on it—and TV females thus end up about as exciting as a laundry list.

This is the reason there will always be sexy girls in the more flaming flickers and it's a sure thing they will be undressing even more as each new film tries to outsell the last one.

But that still won't make any of them the sex goddess of the future—because, despite the multi-millions needed, the girl who wins that crown must have the SEX MAGIC that only comes with one in a million.

Each week some phony-balance publicity man or agent comes along trying to push some unknown starlet over the top by sending around scintillating and undraped cheesecake pix of the dame . . . and each week they fall on their faces.

Times have changed. Not only is the role of a sex goddess impossible to fill, but there are no girls around who radiate S-E-X and can play that role in the flicks or live the life of a sex star privately as well as publicly.

And don't forget the promotion money needed to pull off the job. Let's face facts—facts like these:

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Italy has never been able to find replacements for Gina Lollobrigida or Sophia Loren—and it would almost be a shame to try.



LIZ TAYLOR WILL SLAP SHELLEY WINTERS

(Continued from Page 26)

Franciosa, wanted to live in Hollywood, which by then I couldn't do either."

Whatever it was that drove the Winters girl on, she was hell on wheels, even in those early days. If anyone had the nerve to disagree with her sincere but often half-baked ideas about film making, she would go into a fiery rage, slinging criticism and unwanted advice right and left.

One co-worker worked up such a lather of indignation he finally said: "I've never hit a woman in my life, but I'm thinking of getting my wife over here to beat the hell out of you."

LOVE BOUTS

Her marriages were just as stormy. Reporters were hesitant to brave the Winters pad when she was Mrs. Franciosa because the two used to express their affection by slinging heavy objects at each other's heads—with not always the most accurate aim!

As Shelley so modestly puts it: "I used to be incapable of day to day dealings with another human being. Maybe I was looking for impossible situations, knowing they couldn't work, but now I have simpler values."

It could be the sort of roles she's been playing lately have gone to the Winters babe's head. She's gone from an adulterous suburbanite in "The Chapman Report" to the sex-starved mother of "Lolita". She was great as a lusty and bawdy innkeeper in Tennessee Williams' "Night of the Igloo". And, in her most recent exercise in depravity, "The Balcony", she's the madam of a warehouse.

Maybe this wallowing about in

So it boils down to the fact that Hollywood will not be able to find another MM or Liz and we might as well face it, sad as it seems: the era of the sex goddesses has come to an end.

these Make-believe gutters has made the trigger-tempered Shelley harsh and incurably patronizing.

Possibly that old devil—jealousy—is lurking in Miss Winters's egg-head. Shelley had to shed her glamour and add a few wrinkles before the world would hail her as a great actress.

But the fickle Liz has also won rank among the decade's finest actresses and yet SHE'S MORE GLAMOROUS AND LOVELIER THAN EVER. NOT TO MENTION RICHER.

Even with all that psychoanalysis under her belt, it seems the bottling blonde is as confused and loaded with contradictions as ever.

The right hand doesn't know what the left is up to. She hates Hollywood, yet shortly after first announcing she'd never live there, Shelley went out and bought a Hollywood mansion.

It was just before the filming of "The Chapman Report," and apparently the bombshell from Brooklyn was being paid a cool one thousand snackers a day for doing nothing.

"So I sat around thinking," says Shelley. "What shall I do with all this money? And, of course like a fool I bought a big house and started furnishing it."

"For what? I need a house like I need a hole in the head. And, of course, as soon as the movie was finished I sold the place and fled."

"Hollywood," says Miss-Know-it-all, "is an extraordinary place. There are lots of changes coming, but I still get the impression it's against the law out there to get over 30. I could never live there . . ."

And yet, this same dame who says she's fed up to the teeth with the

sex-pot role and the Hollywood shom—"now I have simpler values"—in-sists upon still playing THE STAR.

She stuffs her over-ample torso into THE status Hollywood satin sheath, and drives off in THE status Hollywood Jaguar—even if its only for her daily 50-minute session with THE status psychoanalyst.

DIGS MM

Not even Marilyn Monroe is spared the patronizing clucks of Momo Winters. "We were great friends, you know," Shelley says.

"IN FACT, SHE EMULATED ME."

Talk about modesty . . .

"In fact," Shelley shrills, "she emulated me. I went to New York and she came to New York. I went to the Actors Studio and she went to the Actors Studio."

The big difference between the two, according to Dr. Shelley Freud, is "I had a background of family life and she didn't."

"The poor kid had absolutely no security except the way she looked. And she was terrified of growing old. They make you like that out there."

There's really no putting a muzzle on this blabbermouth—never mind how tasteless her comments.

Only once has anyone ever been able to put Shelley down. It was during the Presidential campaign of 1960 when she was seated on the platform from which the then Senator from Massachusetts was to address a Gorment Center crowd.

The streets were mobbed and it was only after much shoving and shouting that the candidate finally made it up the steps.

Kennedy sat down to go over his notes, right next to—you guessed it—gobby Miss Winters, who was busy bending the ear of the chop on her right—actor Melvin Douglas.

"I can't imagine HOW he managed to get through that teeming crowd," Shelley remarked to Douglas. "I never thought he'd make it."

The candidate apparently overheard the bombshell's dulcet voice, for he topped her on the orn and snopped back:

"What would a method actress know about making an entrance?"

For once in her life the bombastic Shelley was reportedly speechless.

It was certainly a debatable question that psychoanalysis has done much to tone this sharp-dowled sexstress. But she insists it has calmed her down.

However, it's obvious that onalysis has also made the dome more aggressive. No one is spared the blows of her poisoned tongue. Toke Hollywood producers—the guys who offer all gave her THE chance and made her a star. She calls them "idiots who don't know anything about film making."

Maybe all this poling around with political figures has gone to her head. Maybe that swollen ego comes from having collected such mementos as personally autographed photos of JFK, Adlai Stevenson and the late Eleanor Roosevelt.

Mingling with the power echelon of Washington is fine and certainly a compliment to Shirley Schiff, ex-garment center model from Brooklyn.

BUT IT STILL DOESN'T GIVE HER THE RIGHT TO SPEAK SO CONDESCENDINGLY ABOUT OTHER STARS.

If she has a brain left in her inflated head she better apologize to Liz Taylor BUT FAST—before the furious Liz houts off and gives her the punch she has already promised friends she intends to land . . .

Right on the non-stop jaw of Shelley Winters.

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AGA KHAN'S BIKINI MISTRESS

(Continued from Page 19)

man the late Aly Khan shunted aside for passionate put passing, moments with Rito Hayworth.

But like any bachelor, the Aga Khan still wasn't ready to declare this rooster is strictly a one chicken-man.

Instead, he announced, "Just because I dence with a girl doesn't mean I'm going to marry her. Anyone who travels as much as I do, can't think of marriage."

Now the Aga, of course, is no ordinary traveling salesman, even though he pocked his blonde sweetie with him each place he went. His trips took him to wherever there were members of his sect.

And his duties have ranged from advising a man to open a jewelry shop, or how to interpret a section of the Koran or where to send a young-

ster to school and what to study.

And for this he gets paid?

You bet he does! and by having them match his weight in gold and diamonds and rubbies every year!

Damn nice work you must admit, a job which any guy would be expected to hold on to as long as he could.

Which could certainly account for the Khan's reluctance to marry his blonde bombshell.

But it doesn't.

FOR THE TRUTH IS THAT HE'S SCARED.

And with good reason!

During a recent visit to Naples a bouquet of red roses was sent to his hotel.

Nothing scary about that, except for the cord that was enclosed. And it wasn't "Welcome to Naples. Let us



The Korim Aga Khan as he appeared at a reception in Dakar, where he spent some time chatting with Mrs. "Lady Bird" Johnson, wife of Vice President Johnson.

of her left hand. It's too risky.

How much longer this affair will go on, no one knows.

But one thing is certain. To marry Anauchka von Meks would be like the Khan putting the hangman's noose over his own neck.

The minute he slips a wedding ring on her finger, he's as good as dead.

A marriage license would be an executioner's order.

PRIVATE LIFE OF BILL HOLDEN

(Continued from Page 15)

George V, where he stayed during that particular trip to Paris.

"Can I see you . . . tonight?" he asked.

"But, dear," she said, "it is too late. I'm already in bed."

"I want very much to see you," he pleaded. "I'll just stay a few minutes. I have to talk to you."

It was only a short while later that one of those quaint Paris taxi cabs pulled up in front of Madame Paule's home on the Boulevard General Koenig and hurrying Holden stepped out into the fashionable neighborhood.

It was exactly 12:30 and the musical movie star told the driver: "Wait for me. I'll be back in a few minutes."

The cabbie thought, oh, well, I'll get a few moments rest . . . and so he waited . . . and waited . . . and waited . . . and suddenly it was 3 a.m.

Then, boiling mad about being beaten out of his fare by that well-dressed American, the driver drove away thinking that all those tourists from the United States were crazy.

A FULL NIGHT

But not Holden. He's crazy like a fox (or wolf) because it was exactly 10 o'clock in the bright and sunny morning that the vigorous actor finally came strolling out of the posh diggins to catch another cab back to the hotel.

The next day, the Hollywood he-man (who likes to prove his strength by doing acrobatic stunts) received a

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return visit from his daring darling of a new acquaintance.

Mme. Paule appeared somewhat unexpectedly at the Paris Boulogne film studios to watch her new friend play some scenes for his latest film — and also to say goodbye.

AND SHE REFUSED TO TELL
THE SCREEN STAR WHERE SHE
WAS GOING — JUST ADIEU!

The active actor, who likes to think that he is one of nature's greatest gifts to the female of the species, was left fuming and madder than somebody who accidentally stepped on a skunk.

Where she went nobody knows — but HUSH-HUSH knows where Holden went for the next several nights: across the street from his hotel to the Crazy Horse Saloon, where he guzzled away the hours and watched the bare-it-all girls in this swank striperv.

And he didn't calm down for days, thus providing a revealing incident for all the Holden fans who have always thought of him as "Mr. Nice"—or a close cousin of Mr. Clean.

And it was reported in all its detail by a leading French newspaper, *Paris-Jour*. It sheds a rather interesting light on this Top Star who has never been pictured as anything but a straight-laced, devoted husband.

The truth is, the myth arises from the fact that Will Franklin Beedle Jr. — which is Holden's real handle — can never do anything wrong in the eyes of his beautiful and devoted wife, Aedis.

Once a famous star under the name Brenda Marshall, the woman wild Bill sometimes leaves at home seems always willing to forgive whatever he does wherever he may be.

But it seems that after 23 years of marriage under this happy arrangement, things have been getting a little wilder for Holden with . . . we hate to say it . . . g-i-r-l-s!

There was that strange and scintillating rumor that he had been seeing just a little too much of that sexy pixy Audrey Hepburn, both on and off the sound stages.

The rumor went so far as to say they transferred their leading parts in "Paris When It Sizzles" from reel life to real life.

While the kind Mrs. Holden didn't see (she must need glasses) or didn't care about this latest escapade, it's no secret to movie world insiders that Audrey's better half, Mel Ferrer, got sore as hell about the whole thing and set off some bitter domestic scenes.

Luckily for all concerned, whatever was going on between Audrey and Bill soon passed over and peace and serenity returned once again—for awhile, at least.

But such escapades in the midst of what appears to be a completely happy marriage (which includes three children) give only a hint of the many behind-the-scenes contradictions in the life of this tall, tan and athletic actor who can demand — and collect — \$250,000 per picture.

The broad-shouldered star is such an outspoken believer in Americanism that even his best pals have been known to run for the door when he gets off on the subject — yet the Holden home has been in Lausanne, Switzerland, for the last four years.

People have called him a tax-dodger for it, but the burly 180-pound star terms such remarks pure bunk.

They moved to Switzerland — or so he says — to get away from the cheap and junky atmosphere that blankets Hollywood, the hokum and bunkum of an industry where your so-called friends pat you on the shoulder with one hand . . . and knife you in the back with the other.

CREAMPUFFS

The hot-headed Holden usually explodes when the tax matter comes up and he pulls no punches in bluntly pointing out that while he was off in the service during World War II, such screen heroes as Gregory Peck and Frank Sinatra made war movies that were about as dangerous as cream-puffs at 30 paces and also made a bundle of cash.

Big Bill says he came home from the war to find his loving wife and family and . . . a great big tax bill from Uncle Sam.

So he figured he had to do something to get a little cash, particularly after making it big in "Sunset Boulevard" and finding himself in demand by every producer at every studio in Filmtown.

The money was coming in, but 91 cents out of every dollar went to the Government — whereupon Holden fled abroad, where you only could escape income taxes after establishing residence of a year and a half.

(The law's been changed, but Holden's got his bundle now and it doesn't much matter to a man who

owns part of a safari club in Kenya, a big hunk of a Japanese industry and a radio station in Hong Kong, among various other bits and dabs that add up to BIG business.)

In fact, the celluloid hero has so many business interests that most of his friends and associates are businessmen who have no connection with the film industry and wouldn't know a camera lens from a hole in the ground.

All this makes Holden one of the staunchest right-wing Republicans around, a violent opponent of the welfare state — but it also raises another of the many contradictions in his strange, mixed-up life.

While he hates the welfare state, Holden has established exactly that for the 500 African natives who live and work around the safari club in Kenya, tending to their every need, making sure they have good medical attention and practically running a socialistic little community. Only through his efforts do the natives now have a school.

These strange shiftings in attitudes are best reflected in the millionaire actor-businessman's handling of his pennies, which he pinches until Lincoln screams on one day, but flings away with gay abandon the next.

With a wallet so heavy it makes his pants sag, the tight-fisted thespian will pick up a lunch check and go over every digit as closely as Scrooge would examine the books.

But the next day he'll whip out \$27,000 for a classy British Bentley (really a Rolls Royce) that he drives at such breakneck speeds his wife keeps her fingers crossed every time she gets into the car with Bolting Bill at the wheel.

Holden has always loved fast cars — as conservative as he may be in other matters — and before leaving Hollywood he owned one of the jazziest of them all, a Ferrari, which is as powerful and speedy as anything on the road. The actor's pals revealed to HUSH-HUSH that Holden would sneak down to his garage, start it up (out of gear) and push the accelerator to the floor, just to hear the roar and feel the vibrations of the engine.

CAR CRAZY

He's willing to admit that this is an extravagance, this love of cars.

"But I don't gamble, or go to night-clubs," he insists, "so I figure the

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Not even the actor's best friends can understand the strange mixture that makes up Bill Holden.

Insiders say that one day he'll be happy, boisterous and full of practical jokes—possibly a result of his strict upbringing—while the next day he'll turn moody and brooding, spending most of the time cursing Hollywood, saying that all his films lately have been made abroad and there wouldn't be a film industry without them.

His friends are appalled by his vast knowledge of painting, anthropology, electronics, mechanics or architecture—but they can't figure out where the globe-hopping Holden got it all be-

cause he's forever complaining he never has a chance to read.

These same friends are also appalled at the severity of his outbursts against the old studio bosses at Paramount.

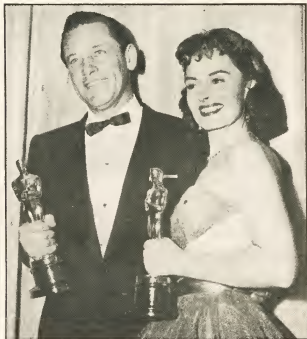
"Do you know what that big, benevolent company gave me while I was away at war?" he asks angrily. "A Boy Scout knife and some soap samples!" "They really took care of their people!"

Still more startling to Holden's friends has been the contradictory success of his marriage to former star actress Brenda Marshall, whose real name is Ardis Ankersen, the daughter of a planter in the Philippines.

She went to Texas State College for Women, then on to New York to study acting—and also to marry one of her instructors, Richard Gaines.

That alliance went hooey shortly after a talent scout spotted Brenda and shipped her out to the West Coast in find stardom, which she quickly did.

Beautiful Brenda was ready for love—and so was Holden—from the



Holden, in 1954, getting Oscar for his portrayal of hard-boiled prisoner in "Strategic". Donna Reed, with him, got Oscar for her work in "From Here To Eternity".

moment a friend introduced them. They were married July 12, 1941.

Bredia overlooks a lot of her husbands antics — that's obvious — but only their friends are able to figure out the reasons: she's as calm as Holden is wild, and he's as cooey as she is quiet.

There's still such a vast difference in their personalities that one chum of the family says:

"This has to be the genius-womao of all time to live with a mao like

him day in and day out."

But happy they are, despite the Holden hijinks, his flames and flirtations, his whims and his whams.

They live simply and quietly in a four-bedroom house overlooking the Lake of Geneva — except when wild William is off on a romp and a tear, in Paris, in Africa... here, there, and everywhere his fancy (and his millions) might take him in these days of success.



SLEEPING PILLS-KILLER AT THE BEDSIDE

(Continued from Page 21)

Sleep? One of Sally's boyfriends had the answer to that. "It doesn't matter what time you decide to go to sleep," he told the gal. "Just take a pill and you'll be off like a baby."

This worked fine—for a while. Sally's boyfriend wangled her a king-size supply of a type of sleeping tablet which is loaded with barbiturates. You're supposed to have a prescription for these pills, but the woods are full of unscrupulous black market operators who require only one thing to get all the pills you want. Cash!

After a while, Sally realized she couldn't get along without the brightly-colored little tablets. She tried to quit once, but after 30 hours without a pill she was having convulsions and hallucinations like those that accompany delirium tremens. Sally vomited. She had violent cramps. Only a return to the pills brought relief.

Finally Sally reached the most dangerous stage of barbiturate addiction. The two unmistakable signs of this stage are:

1—The addict builds up to such a tolerance to the pills that one tablet no longer puts him to sleep—so he takes more than one.

2—After he takes a pill—or several pills—he suffers a memory loss and cannot remember that he has swallowed them. While in this blackout, he frequently takes still more pills.

A respected medical text, "The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics" by Dr. L.S. Goodman and Dr. A. Gilman,

describes the final stage of addiction this way:

"Follure of the drug to produce sleep may cause a twilight zone during which the patient does not remember having taken the medication and he may unwittingly ingest all the remaining tablets."

One night, a girl called on Sally and found her unconscious. Sally was rushed to a hospital. Her stomach was pumped out and she survived—that time. But with her appetite for pills still as strong as ever, it's only a question of time until Sally takes another accidental overdose. And next time she probably won't be so lucky.

Joe DiMaggio is convinced Marilyn Monroe died in just the way that Sally almost did—through an accidental overdose.

"It's entirely possible Joe is right," an eminent physician who specializes in nervous disorders declares. "Marilyn had been using sleeping pills for years.

"There's nothing at all unusual about a person taking pills, falling asleep and then waking up and thinking he forgot to take them. So he takes more. You'd be surprised how frequently this happens."

Whether Marilyn's death was accidental or not, it dramatized as never before the peril to Americans from the silent killer known as sleeping tablets.

Dr. Thomas Porron, former Surgeon General of the United States, calls

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sleeping pill addiction one of the country's biggest health problems.

Despite the attempt of some doctors and pill makers to hush up the danger, federal experts say barbiturates are a far greater threat to health today than are narcotics.

"Barbiturates are addiction-forming in every sense of the word," says Dr. Morris Isabell, chief of research at the U.S. Narcotics Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky. "The manifestations of chronic barbiturate intoxication are, in most ways, much more serious than those of addiction to morphine, and withdrawal of morphine is much less dangerous than is withdrawal of barbiturates."

Sally is a member of a whole generation of females that has gone pill crazy!

BOTTLED BLISS

Not that men are exempt from the craze to find the answer to all life's problems in a pill bottle. A famous Hollywood producer recently raised all kinds of hell on a crack Chicago-to-Los Angeles express, because he had run out of sleeping tablets.

The producer demanded that the porter obtain a fresh supply for him. When the porter said he didn't have any, the director ranted and roved and finally filed a formal complaint with the railroad.

But most sleeping pill users are women. The gals, for some reason, seem less able to cope with the snafew world of the 1960's than their boyfriends.

"It's not just the film starlets and the party girls who gulp down pills every night," according to the medical director of a West Coast hospital. "It's the secretaries and typists and waitresses, too. At this hospital alone, we have dozens of cases of overdoses every month. Very few of them involve people who are rich or famous."

The head shrinkers blame the increasing complexity of life for the pill fad.

Twenty of 30 years ago, life was simpler. Or even if it wasn't, today's endless varieties of cheap, readily available sleeping pills were simply not obtainable by most people.

A generation or two ago, a stigma was attached to the man or woman who ran to the medicine cabinet for a pill six times a week and twice on Sunday. But nowadays everybody's doing it.

Not only do sleeping pills threaten health, but they provide a lethal suicide weapon for anybody with a sudden yen to end it all.

If your wife is the nervous type, you'd never leave a loaded gun in her dresser drawer or in her purse. You wouldn't, at least, unless you were eager to get rid of the old girl.

But the hubby who lets his wife keep a supply of sleeping pills is doing exactly the same thing!

Statistics compiled by the U.S. Health Service show that sleeping pills are the favorite suicide weapon of women. They're easy to get. They're not messy. They permit a woman to drift away quietly... without ever waking up.

Why do people take the pills in the first place?

The answer is simple. They want sleep.

"The world today is full of stresses and tension," our specialist in nervous disorders declares. "A recent survey showed that one out of every four persons thinks he needs psychiatric help at one time or another."

"A typical office worker is a bundle of nerves when he gets home at night. He fears insomnia, so he goes to a doctor and asks for something to make him sleep."

The specialist says all too many doctors prescribe a barbiturate without trying to get to the root of the patient's problems.

"Much of the time no pills are needed at all," he contends. "The answer to the problem of sleeplessness is to let nature have its way. When you need sleep badly enough, you'll fall asleep, all right."

But try to tell this to the guy in fear of being unable to sleep. He's the dape who takes a sleeping pill at night, a wake-up pill in the morning, six or eight cups of coffee during the day to stay awake, and half a dozen cocktails in the evening to relax. No wonder this guy is a psychiatrist's dream—or his nightmare.

As if sleeping pills weren't bad enough when taken for their intended purpose, the latest teen-age kick is to swallow a barbiturate and wash it down with a bottle of beer or a slug of booze.

The combination is highly dangerous. Police say teen-agers have been guilty of countless viciously anti-social acts after this "balt and jolt," as it's known in some parts of the country. The booze and barbiturate give the

kids a phony courage—along with a lack of inhibitions.

Youths have been guilty of stickups, sex orgies and fatal drag races while under the influence of pills and alcohol.

The only way to root out this spreading cancer is through an all-out crackdown on pills by both the federal and state governments.

No agency has made an official estimate on the number of Americans who die each year because of too many bed-time pills, but medical men say the total is undoubtedly in the tens of thousands.

DO-IT-YOURSELF DOCS

A major factor in this frightening picture is the way in which one person passes on sleeping pills to another. Nobody except a nitwit would try to take out a friend's appendix or remove a brain tumor for a buddy, but every Tam, Dick and Harriet hands out sleeping tablets to friends, relatives and even casual acquaintances if he hears they have trouble getting off to slumberland.

In the jet set world of Cafe Society, no weekend house party is complete these days without small containers of pills which every guest finds at his bedside. The thoughtful host and hostess place the pills there to make sure the busy socialite will be able to get all the sleep he wants between rounds of partying.

All this unsupervised distribution of pills helps sow the seeds of addiction.

The jet set, incidentally, loads up on pills in Switzerland, where they can be obtained without a prescription. Even ordinary U.S. tourists are slowly catching on to this free and easy Swiss policy. U.S. Customs agents have turned up hundreds of bottles of Secenal among returning tourists. The agents admit that thousands of additional bottles have undoubtedly escaped detection.

Most of today's barbiturates can be recognized by their "al" ending. Some of the more widely used are Secenal, Phenobarbital, Veronal, Nembutal, Luminal and Tuminal.

When one of these drugs is legitimately prescribed by a conscientious doctor, it can serve a useful purpose. In doses of an eighth of a grain, Phenobarbital, for instance, acts as a mild sedative. Doctors prescribe the drug to calm patients going into surgery,

to help women through the menopause and to quiet the nerves of distraught people.

In order to induce sleep, however, a larger dose is necessary. In Doses such as a grain and a half, the barbiturate becomes a habit-forming narcotic.

After long addiction, pill users find their mental functions becoming impaired. Unlike morphine and heroin, which seem to sharpen the faculties temporarily, barbiturates fog the mind. It becomes increasingly difficult for a pill user to do his job no matter what his job is.

In large doses, barbiturates may complicate liver and kidney disorders.

Auto manufacturers have traced dozens of industrial accidents to barbiturates. A pill addict behaves much of the time as though he were drunk. He staggers slightly. His voice is slurred. His eyes stare ahead blankly.

The barbiturate menace is only half the story of the nation's growing pill problem.

Millions of Americans who have never had easy access to barbiturates have tried other kinds of "relaxation medicine."

A favorite "poor man's tranquilizer" is the anti-histamine tablet, which can be bought without a prescription. These tablets were developed in the 1940s. They have been widely promoted for treatment of the common cold and various allergies.

For these purposes, most doctors say anti-histamines are harmless — and may do some good. But does the average Joe leave well enough alone? Does he use anti-histamines only in the way they're supposed to be used? Not on your life.

Sharp-eyed pill buyers quickly spotted a warning which the Food and Drug Administration required the anti-histamine manufacturers to place on packages. It goes like this:

"This preparation may cause drowsiness. Do not drive or operate machinery while taking this medication."

The Dispensary of the United States of America adds these words:

"Sedation is the most common side effect and occurs to a greater or lesser degree in almost all of the anti-histaminic drugs in adequate doses."

So millions of Americans have used anti-histamines to make themselves relax. This is one of the most dangerous self-treatments known to medical science.

The reason the FDA permits the

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sole of anti-histamines without a prescription is that if you take the drug in accordance with the instructions on the label there is little chance of damaging side effects. But the average Joe who takes these pills in order to sleep seldom follows the instructions. He takes double or triple doses—or even more.

In these amounts, anti-histamines can produce dizziness, a dry mouth, weakness, nausea, a loss of appetite, jumpiness, headaches, excessive or painful urination, heartburn, reduction in patency, double vision, sweating and rashes.

Reports the Canadian Department of National Health and Welfare:

"It is not considered to be in the interest of public health for anti-histaminic drugs to be advertised to the general public as sedatives.

"The sedative action of such drugs is considered to be a secondary effect. Many cases of adverse reactions and even fatalities are reported in medical literature as the result of such use."

Millions of pill users buy potent medicines containing bromides. They think of these preparations as "tranquilizers." Real tranquilizers can be purchased only with a prescription, but the patent medicine makers have countless products on the market which are promoted as mild sedatives—and can be bought freely.

The real slowdown on bromides is that large doses taken over a long period of time can be habit-forming. Or, worse yet, they can cause "bromide intoxication," the chief symptom of which is mental disturbance.

Says "The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics," by Goodman and Gilman:

"From two to ten percent of patients routinely admitted to psychiatric hospitals are found to be suffering from some degree of bromide intoxication, and death occasionally results."

THE BEST MEDICINE

Still another favorite ingredient of patent medicines is scopolamine, a mild sedative derived from belladonna. This drug depresses the activity of the brain and the central nervous system.

Two much scopolamine can cause hallucinations, amnesia, euphoria and delirium.

What's the answer to the pill mania?

To begin with, most people don't

need pills at all. A walk in the fresh air, a hot bath, a warm glass of milk—or simply the old gimmick of counting sheep—will do the ordinary guy for more good than all the pills in the world. And with no dangerous side effects.

As a matter of fact, plain sugar pills will often do just as much good as high-powered sleeping tablets.

A study at New York Hospital showed that 53 percent of a sampling of patients seemed to benefit from colored sugar pills, when they were told that the pills would help them relax.

Also, tough as it may sound to the man or woman who believes everything in life should be nice and easy, it's a mistake to think that you SHOULD get a perfect sleep every night.

A University of Chicago study reveals that even a good sleeper has trouble sleeping about a tenth of the time. The gent who conducted the study, Dr. Nathaniel Kleitman, says this:

"There are thousands of people who let one bad night out of ten set them off on a vigilant search for a cure far what they imagine is insomnia.

"Their vigilance about it puts them on the merry-go-round. They begin to expect trouble every night, buy new springs and mattresses, try various gadgets, take vitamin pills, sip hot drinks, hoping to put themselves to sleep."

The best way to sleep is to quit worrying about it.

And remember that some people just don't NEED as much sleep as others. Thomas Edison averaged less than four hours sleep a night, but his health was excellent.

Hard as it is to believe, lack of sleep—by itself—never ruined anybody's health. Specialists say that if you can't sleep, your best bet is to go to bed anyway and get as much rest as you can. Nature will take it from there.

Harriet H—— was a secretary who got involved in an affair with her boss, a married man. She quit her job in order to break with him once and for all. While going through this emotional turmoil, she found herself unable to sleep.

So Harriet's doctor prescribed a sleeping pill containing barbiturates. The prescription was supposedly not renewable, but Harriet wheedled her

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Before I sent for your plan, I was stumbling along on a time card job without much future. Now I can enjoy the freedom and security of a business of my own which has no limit. To every person, my advice is to try Mellinger. You will never regret it.

WILLIAM J. JONES,
Georgia



NETS \$4,000 SPARE TIME
In 12 months I grossed \$25,000 and a net profit of \$4,000—just working this importing business from home in spare time. I work days at my regular job. Our house is practically furnished with samples from around the world.

WILLIAM LOHMUS,
California

HOME BUSINESS IDEAS \$78,200.00

As a spare time venture, working from home in evenings and through correspondence, my net earnings as an export manager's representative amounted to greater than my occupational income for the year. My wife and I are now entering on a full time basis.

P. R. CROWE-SWORDS, Canada

GROSSES \$5800 IN ONE MONTH



Last year I really started in the importing business professionally. My biggest venture yet was 500 9-transistor radios from Japan that arrived at my office November 10. I sold 330 of these radios by December 20 to the tune of \$5800 worth of business in one month... I give my appreciation to The Mellinger Company for teaching me the complete nucleus of the Importing business.

E. H. SEXTON,
No. Carolina

WORKS WITH WIFE IN IMPORT
On my very first transaction I made \$904 for just four days' work. I sold 356

READ WHAT THIS LADY SAYS
I now have my own shop where I have mostly home accessories imported

from twelve different countries. I can still hardly believe that answering one small advertisement could bring so much interest and excitement (and extra money) into my life as importing is doing.

ELLEN B. ADDICOTT,
Indiana

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Long Range Hi-Fi Reception, Full AM and FM band coverage, 8 tubes plus 2 diodes. High style decorator cabinet. Easy triple knob control.

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TRANSPORTATION

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